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THE  
WEARING OF THE GREEN

        
K

SONG BOOK.

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"But Heaven its own good time will give  
For the Wearing of the Green."

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BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED BY PATRICK DONAHOE.  
1869.





# CONTENTS

	PAGE
Annie, Dear.....	13
A Prospect.....	183
Bide Your Time.....	14
Bouchaleen Dhow.....	51
Billy's Birth-Day.....	60
Booker's Run.....	141
Carroll Bawn.....	25
Carolán and Bridget Cruise.....	30
Charming Little Isle of the Sea.....	149
Clare's Dragoons.....	168
Dear Old Ireland.....	105
Died for the Green.....	162
Dublin Bay.....	217
Emmet's Grave.....	65
Eirinn's Fenian Girls.....	116
Emmet.....	145
Fag an Bealach.....	17
Form, Boys, Form.....	77
Fineen the Rover.....	175
Green Plumes to Grey Jackets.....	11
God Bless the Green Forever.....	101
Go! Forget Me.....	103
Go where Glory Waits Thee.....	112
Garryowen.....	189
God Save Ireland.....	214
He said that he was not our Brother.....	10
Hugh of Glenurra.....	159
Irish Song.....	37
Irish Mary.....	45
Ireland, Our Home.....	143
Irish War Song.....	195
Kathleen Ban Adair.....	41
Kitty of Coleraine.....	73

	PAGE
Lament of the Ejected Irish Peasant.....	157
Ladle it Well.....	161
My Grave.....	24
Mollie Dear.....	64
Maire Donn Astoir.....	104
Molly Astore.....	206
National Hymn of Ireland.....	94
Nora O'Neal.....	216
Our Own Green Isle.....	76
Our Dear Native Island.....	97
Our Toasts.....	117
Our Priests.....	122
Old Skibbereen.....	208
Paddies Evermore.....	8
Pat Malloy.....	40
Paddy's Proposal.....	139
Patrick Sheenan.....	200
Patrick's Day.....	210
Recruiting Song of the Irish Brigade.....	80
Roisin Dubh.....	90
Rory of the Hills.....	190
Summer Longings.....	46
Song of Innisfail.....	50
Stanzas.....	59
She is Far from the Land.....	88
Square-Toed Boots.....	137
Song of the Galloping O'Hogan.....	151
Song of the Irish-American Brigade.....	152
Song for July Twelfth, 1843.....	181
Song from the Backwoods.....	198
Shells of the Ocean.....	218
The Wearing of the Green.....	1
The Croppy Boy.....	4
The Green above the Red.....	6
The Irish Wife.....	15
The Coulin.....	20
The Green Isle.....	22
The Rising of the Moon.....	27
The Irish Peasant Girl.....	29
The Brigade at Fontenoy.....	34
The Wearin' o' the Green.....	47
The Myrtle and Shamrock.....	52
The Dying girl.....	53
The Bells of Shandon.....	55

# Contents.

v

## PAGE

The Wearing of the Green.....	57
The Blarney.....	58
The Leaves so Green.....	63
The Death of Carolan.....	67
The Rebel girls of Cork.....	70
Thiggin Thu.....	74
The Lost Path.....	79
The Memory of the Dead.....	82
The Men of Tipperary.....	85
The Old Cause.....	86
The Patriot Brave.....	89
The Irishman.....	92
The Boys of Kilkenny.....	93
The Exile of Erin.....	99
The Murder of Aileen Higgins.....	107
The Bow of Tipperary.....	110
The Battle Eve of the Brigade.....	111
The Wearing of the Green.....	114
The Green Flag.....	119
The Fenian Men.....	121
The Boys that Wear the Green.....	125
The Old Race.....	127
The Shan Van Vocht.....	128
The People's Anthem.....	130
The R. C. C.....	131
The Colleen Bawn.....	132
The Petticoat.....	134
The Young Enthusiast.....	146
The Left Eye.....	154
The Emigrant's Invitation.....	156
The Hour before the Dawn.....	164
The Green and the Gold.....	166
The Forlorn Hope.....	170
The Boys of Wexford.....	172
The Leaves so Green.....	174
The Shamrock and the Lily.....	176
The Girl I left Behind Me.....	179
The Sons of Hibernia.....	182
The Banks of Anner.....	183
The Muster.....	187
The Irish-American.....	193
The People.....	197
The Groves of the Pool.....	203
Tipperary Recruiting Song.....	205
The Green Little Shamrock.....	212

	<b>PAGE</b>
<b>Up for the Green.....</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>Under the Green Flag.....</b>	<b>68</b>
<b>Wake of William Orr.....</b>	<b>82</b>
<b>Why We Wear the Green.....</b>	<b>88</b>
<b>We've a Thousand Gen. Corcorans.....</b>	<b>72</b>
<b>Watch and Wait... ..</b>	<b>83</b>
<b>Young America to Old Ireland.....</b>	<b>148</b>
<b>WEARING OF THE GREEN (Story).....</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL:</b>	
<b>His Encounter with Biddy Moran.....</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>Darby Moran.....</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>A Dead Man with Life in Him.....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>A Young Judge Done.....</b>	<b>28</b>
<b>O'Connell and a Snarling Attorney.....</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>A Political Hurrah at a Funeral.....</b>	<b>32</b>

# WEARING OF THE GREEN

## SONG BOOK.

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### THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

STREET BALLAD—1798.

I'm a lad that's forced an exile  
From my own native land,  
For an oath that's passed against me  
In this country I can't stand.  
But while I'm at my liberty,  
I will make my escape;  
I'm a poor distressed croppy,  
For the Green on my cape!  
For the Green on my cape!  
For the Green on my cape!  
I'm distress'd—but not dishearten'd—  
For the Green on my cape!

But I'll go down to Belfast  
To see that seaport gay,  
And tell my aged parents  
In this country I can't stay.  
O, 'tis dark will be their sorrow—  
But no truer hearts I've seen,  
And they'd rather see me dying

Than a traitor to the Green!  
O, the wearing of the Green!  
O, the wearing of the Green!  
May the curse of Cromwell darken  
Each traitor to the Green!

\* \* \* \*

When I went down to Belfast,  
And saw that seaport grand,  
My aged parents blessed me,  
And blessed poor Ireland.  
Then I went unto a captain,  
And bargained with him cheap—  
He told me that his whole ship's crew  
Wore Green on the cape!  
O, the Green on the cape!  
O, the Green on the cape!  
God's blessing guard the noble boys  
With the Green on the cape!

'Twas early the next morning  
Our gallant ship set sail;  
Kind Heaven did protect her  
With a pleasant Irish gale.  
We landed safe in Paris,  
Where victualling was cheap—  
They knew we were United,  
We wore Green on the cape!  
We wore Green on the cape!  
We wore Green on the cape!  
They treated us like brothers,  
For the Green on the cape!

Then forward stepped young Boney,  
And took me by the hand,

Saying — “How is old Ireland,  
And how does she stand?”\*  
“It’s as poor distressed a nation  
As ever you have seen,  
They are hanging men and women,  
For the wearing of the Green!  
For the wearing of the Green!  
For the wearing of the Green!  
They are hanging men, and women, too,  
For wearing of the Green!”

Take courage now, my brave boys,  
For here you have good friends,  
And we’ll send a convoy with you  
Down by their Orange dens;  
And if they should oppose us,  
With our weapons sharp and keen,  
We’ll make them rue and curse the day  
That e’er they saw the Green!  
That e’er they saw the Green!  
That e’er they saw the Green!  
We’ll show them our authority  
For wearing of the Green!

O may the wind of Freedom  
Soon send young Boney o’er,  
And we’ll plant the Tree of Liberty  
Upon our Shamrock shore.  
O, we’ll plant it with our weapons,  
While the English tyrants gape,  
To see their bloody flag torn down

\* Precisely the same question was addressed to John Mitchel by a distinguished French General, on the occasion of a sword of honor being presented to Marshal M’Mahon.



To Green on the cape !  
O, the wearing the Green !  
O, the wearing the Green !  
God grant us soon to see that day,  
And freely wear the Green !

---

## THE CROPPY BOY.

### *A Ballad of Ninety-Eight.*

BY CARROLL MALONE.

"GOOD men, and true ! in this house who dwell,  
To a stranger *bouchal* I pray you tell,  
Is the priest at home ? or, may he be seen ?  
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The priest's at home, boy, and may be seen ;  
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green ;  
But you must wait till I go and see  
If the holy Father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall—  
What a lonely sound has his light footfall !  
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,  
With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins :  
" *Nomine Dei*," the youth begins ;  
At "*mea culpa* " he beats his breast,  
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,  
And at Gorey my loving brothers all;  
I alone am left of my name and race, —  
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter day —  
At Mass-time once I went to play;  
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,  
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing;  
But I love my country above my King.  
Now, Father, bless me, and let me go  
To die, if God has ordained it so!"

The Priest said nought, but a rustling noise  
Made the youth look up in wild surprise;  
The robes were off, and in scarlet there  
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,  
Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse;  
"'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here  
and shrive,  
For one short hour is your time to live.

"Upon yon river, three tenders float,  
The Priest's in one, if he isn't shot —  
We hold his house for our Lord, the King,  
And, amen, say I, may all traitors swing!"

At Geneva Barrack that young man died;  
And at Passage they have his body laid.  
Good people who live in peace and joy,  
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy Boy.

## THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR:—"Irish Molly O!"

FULL often when our fathers saw the Red above  
the Green,  
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre,  
pike and skian,  
And over many a noble town, and many a field  
of dead,  
They proudly set the Irish Green above the  
English Red.

But in the end, throughout the land, the  
shameful sight was seen —  
The English Red in triumph high above the  
Irish Green;  
But well they died in breach and field, who,  
as their spirits fled,  
Still saw the Green maintain its place above  
the English Red.

And they who saw in after times, the Red  
above the Green,  
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath  
a forest screen;  
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking  
hearts were fed,  
That, in some day to come, the Green should  
flutter o'er the Red.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and  
Wolfe Tone sunk serene —

Because they could not bear to leave the Red  
above the Green;  
And 'twas for this that Owen fought, and  
Sarsfield nobly bled —  
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green  
above the Red.

So, when the strife began again, our darling  
Irish Green  
Was down upon the earth, while high the  
English Red was seen;  
Yet still we held our fearless course, for some-  
thing in us said,  
“Before the strife is o'er you'll see the Green  
above the Red.”

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and know-  
ledge strive to glean,  
That we may pull the English Red below the  
Irish Green,  
And leave our sons sweet Liberty, and smiling  
plenty spread  
Above the land once dark with blood — *the  
Green above the Red!*

The jealous English tyrant now has bann'd  
the Irish Green,  
And forced us to conceal it like a something  
foul and mean;  
But yet, by Heavens! he'll sooner raise his  
victims from the dead  
Than force our hearts to leave the Green, and  
cotton to the Red!

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and  
blesses those who lean

On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly  
king or queen;  
And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our  
blood to shed  
Once and forevermore to raise the Green above  
the Red!

---

**PADDIES EVERMORE.**

**AIR:—"Paddies Evermore."**

THE hour is past to fawn or crouch  
As suppliants for our right;  
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch  
The banded millions' might:  
Let them who scorned the fountain rill,  
Now dread the torrent's roar,  
And hear our echoed chorus still,  
We're Paddies evermore.

What, though they menace suffering men,  
Their threats and them despise;  
Or promise justice once again,  
We know their words are lies;  
We stand resolved those rights to claim  
They robbed us of before,  
Our own dear nation and our name,  
As Paddies evermore.

Look round — the Frenchman governs France,  
The Spaniard rules in Spain,  
The gallant Pole but waits his chance  
To break the Russian chain;  
The strife for freedom here begun

We never will give o'er,  
Nor own a land on earth but one —  
We're Paddies evermore.

That strong and single love to crush,  
The despot ever tried —  
A fount it was whose living gush  
His hated arts defied.  
'Tis fresh as when his foot accurst  
Was planted on our shore,  
And now and still, as from the first,  
We're Paddies evermore.

What reck we though six hundred years  
Have o'er our thraldom rolled,  
The soul that roused O'Connor's spears,  
Still lives as true and bold;  
The tide of foreign power to stem  
Our fathers bled of yore,  
And we stand here to-day, like them,  
True Paddies evermore.

Where's our allegiance? With the land  
For which they nobly died;  
Our duty? By our cause to stand,  
Whatever chance betide;  
Our cherished hope? To heal the woes  
That rankle at her core;  
Our scorn and hatred? To her foes,  
Like Paddies evermore.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch  
As suppliants for our right;  
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch  
The banded millions' might:  
Let them who scorned the fountain rill,

10 *He said that he was not our Brother.*

Now dread the torrent's roar,  
And hear our echoed chorus still,  
We're Paddies evermore.

---

HE SAID THAT HE WAS NOT OUR  
BROTHER.

BY JOHN BANIM.

AIR:—"The pretty girl milking her cow."

HE said that he was not our brother —  
The mongrel! he said what we knew —  
No, Eire! our dear Island-mother,  
He ne'er had his black blood from you!  
And what though the milk of your bosom  
Gave vigor and health to his veins —  
He *was* but a foul foreign blossom,  
Blown hither to poison our plains!

He said that the sword had enslaved us —  
That still at its point we must kneel —  
The liar! — though often it braved us,  
We cross'd it with hardier steel!  
This witness his Richard — our vassal!  
His Essex — whose plumes we trod down!  
His Willy — whose peerless sword-tassel  
We tarnished at Limerick town!

No! falsehood and feud were our evils,  
While force not a fetter could twine —  
Come Northmen — come Normans — come De-  
vils!

We gave them our *Sparth* to the chine!  
And if once again he would try us,  
To the music of trumpet and drum,  
And no traitor among us or nigh us —  
Let him come, the Brigand! let him come!

---

## GREEN PLUMES TO GREY JACKETS.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

AIR:—"The Wearing of the Green."

RING it out from every steeple,  
Call the clans from every fold,  
We're a democratic people,  
And our faith we mean to hold.  
We're for mercy to the beaten foe,  
For brothers we have been;  
And what oppresion is we know,  
All we who Wear the Green —  
Aye! what oppression is we know,  
All we who Wear the Green—  
In our very bones what it is we know,  
We boys who Wear the Green!

We have felt it in our Siréland,  
With its whip our backs are scored —  
Of the South we'll make no Ireland,  
Scourged with famine and the sword;  
'Tis true they tried the rebel game,  
But punished they have been —  
And I rather think we've done the same,  
All we who Wear the Green;  
We ourselves have done the very same,



## 12     *Green Plumes to Grey Jackets.*

All we who Wear the Green ;  
And we hope *again* to do the same,  
We boys who Wear the Green !

O, Manhood's proudest duty,  
Is to fight for Manhood's faith ;  
And true courage has a beauty,  
That not even crime can scathe ;  
Into chaos they plunged headward, boys ;  
Their guilt we do not screen ;  
But our Emmet and Lord Edward, boys,  
Did likewise for the Green !  
Aye ! Hugh O'Neil and Owen Roe  
Were Rebels for the Green, —  
Wolfe Tone, and great Lord Edward, boys,  
Did likewise for the Green !

And the day is not far distant  
When our equal boast shall be,  
That our country's crown is glistened  
With our Hancock, Grant and Lee ;  
By Stonewall Jackson's front of flame,  
And Sherman swift and keen,  
And Meagher, who led on to fame  
Us boys who Wear the Green !  
Tom Meagher, whose brigade of fame  
All wore the plumes of Green,  
And Sheridan, whose deathless name  
Proclaims he Wears the Green !

So " Mercy " be the countersign  
And " Union " the parole,  
While the bugles ring along our line  
And the drums for battle roll ;  
And the cry shall swell from every mouth  
And on our flags be seen,

"We're for mercy to the beaten South,  
We beaten of the Green," —  
We've a fellow-feeling for the South,  
We Rebels of the Green,  
For the boys who wore the Gray down  
South,  
We boys who Wore the Green!

---

## ANNIE, DEAR.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

OUR mountain brooks were rushing,  
Annie, dear;  
The autumn eve was flushing,  
Annie, dear;  
But brighter was your blushing,  
When first, your murmurs hushing,  
I told my love outgushing,  
Annie, dear;  
  
Ah! but our hopes were splendid,  
Annie, dear;  
How sadly they have ended,  
Annie, dear;  
The ring betwixt us broken,  
When our vows of love were spoken,  
Of your poor heart was a token,  
Annie, dear;  
  
The primrose flow'rs were shining,  
Annie, dear;  
When on my breast reclining,  
Annie, dear;

Began our Mi-na-Meala,  
And many a month did follow  
Of joy — but life is hollow,  
Annie, dear;  
For once, when home returning,  
Annie, dear;  
I found our cottage burning,  
Annie, dear;  
Around it were the yeomen,  
Of every ill and omen,  
The country's bitter foemen,  
Annie, dear;  
But why arose a morrow,  
Annie, dear;  
Upon that night of sorrow,  
Annie, dear?  
Far better, by thee lying,  
Their bayonets defying,  
Than live in exile sighing,  
Annie, dear.

**BIDE YOUR TIME.**

BY M. J. BARRY.

**BIDE your Time, the morn is breaking,  
Bright with Freedom's blessed ray—  
Millions from their trance awaking,  
Soon shall stand in firm array.  
Man shall fetter man no longer;  
Liberty shall march sublime:  
Every moment makes you stronger—  
Firm, unshrinking, Bide your time!**

Bide your time — one false step taken  
Perils all you yet have done ;  
Undismayed — erect — unshaken —  
Watch and wait, and all is won.  
'Tis not by a rash endeavor,  
Men or States to greatness climb —  
Would you win your rights forever? —  
Calm and thoughtful, Bide your time !

Bide your time — your worst transgression  
Were to strike, and strike in vain ;  
He, whose arm would smite oppression,  
Must not need to smite again !  
Danger makes the brave man steady,  
Rashness is the coward's crime,  
Be for Freedom's battle ready  
When it comes, but, — Bide your time !

---

## THE IRISH WIFE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[ In 1376, the statute of Kilkenny forbade English settlers in Ireland to intermarry with the old Irish. James, Earl of Desmond, was the first to violate this law.]

I WOULD not give my Irish wife  
For all the dames of the Saxon land —  
I would not give my Irish wife  
For the Queen of France's hand.  
For she to me is dearer  
Than castles strong, or lands, or life —  
An outlaw — so I'm near her,  
To love till death my Irish wife.

---

Oh! what would be this home of mine —  
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,  
But for the light that nightly shines,  
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?  
What comfort in a mine of gold —  
What pleasure in a royal life,  
If the heart within lay dead and cold,  
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I knew the law forbade the banns —  
I knew my King abhorred her race —  
Who never bent before their clans,  
Must bow before their ladies' grace.  
Take all my forfeited domain,  
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife —  
Take knightly gear, and noble name,  
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,  
My heaven by day, my stars by night —  
And twinlike truth and fondness lie  
Within her swelling bosom white.  
My Irish wife has golden hair —  
Apollo's harp had once such strings —  
Apollo's self might pause to hear  
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife  
For all the dames of the Saxon land —  
I would not give my Irish wife  
For the Queen of France's hand.  
For she to me is dearer  
Than castles strong, or lands, or life —  
In death I would be near her,  
And rise beside my Irish wife!

FAG AN BEALACH.

BY C. G. DUFFY.

“HOPE no more for Fatherland,  
All its ranks are thinned or broken? ”  
Long a base and coward band  
Recreant words like these have spoken,  
But we preach a land awoken;  
Fatherland is true and tried  
As your fears are false and hollow:  
Slaves and Dastards stand aside —  
Knaves and Traitors, *Fag an Bealach!*

Know, ye suffering brethren ours,  
Might is strong, but right is stronger;  
Saxon wiles or Saxon powers  
Can enslave our land no longer  
Than your own dissensions wrong her:  
Be ye one in might and mind —  
Quit the mire where cravens wallow —  
And your foes shall flee like wind  
From your fearless *Fag an Bealach!*

Thus the mighty multitude  
Speak in accents hoarse with sorrow —  
“We are fallen but unsubdued;  
Show us whence we hope may borrow;  
And we'll fight your fight to-morrow.  
Be but cautious, true, and brave,  
Where ye lead us we will follow;  
Hill and valley, rock and wave,  
Soon shall hear our *Fag an Bealach!*

Fling our banner to the wind,  
 Studded o'er with names of glory;  
 Worth and wit, and might, and mind,  
 Poet young, and Patriot hoary  
 Long shall make it shine in story.  
 Close your ranks — the moment's come —  
 NOW, ye men of Ireland, follow;  
 Friends of Freedom, charge them home —  
 Foes of Freedom, *Fag an Bealach!*

---

## UP FOR THE GREEN!

A SONG OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN,

A. D. 1796.

AIR:—“Wearing of the Green.”

'Tis the Green — oh, the Green is the color of  
 the true,  
 And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll  
 raise it o'er the blue!  
 For the color of our Fatherland alone, should  
 here be seen —  
 'Tis the color of the martyr'd dead — our own  
 immortal green,  
 Then up for the green, boys, and up for the  
 green!  
 Oh, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be  
 seen;  
 But we've hands — oh, we've hands, boys,  
 full strong enough, I ween,  
 To rescue and to raise again our own im-  
 mortal green!

They may say they have power 'tis vain to oppose —

'Tis better to obey and live, than surely die as foes ;

But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may mean ;

For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green.

So we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the green !

Oh, to *die* is far better than be cursed as we have been ;

And we've hearts — oh, we've hearts, boys, full true enough, I ween,

To rescue and to raise again, our own immortal green !

They may swear, as they often did, our wretchedness to cure ;

But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure.

No, we won't — no, we won't, Bull, for now, nor evermore !

For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.

Then up for the green, boys, then up for the green !

Shout it back to the Sassanach, " We'll *never* sell the green !

For our TONE is coming back, with men enough, I ween,

To rescue, and avenge us and our own immortal green.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,



At Limerick and Thurles — Blackwater and  
 Benburb;  
 And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did  
 enjoy,  
 When we met him on the battle-field, of  
 France — at Fontenoy.  
 Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up  
 for the green!  
 Oh! 'tis *still* in the dust, and a shame to be  
 seen;  
 But we've hearts and we've hands, boys,  
 full strong enough, I ween,  
 To rescue and to raise again, our own unsul-  
 lied green!

---

## THE COULIN.

BY CARROLL MALONE.

[In the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made restraining the Irish from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Coulines (long locks) on the heads. The Irish bard, in the character of a virgin, declares a preference for her lover with the Coulin before any other. Of this song the air alone has come down to us, and is universally admired.]

THE last time she looked in the face of her dear,  
 She breathed not a sigh, and she shed not a  
 tear;  
 But she took up his harp, and she kissed his  
 cold cheek —  
 " 'Tis the first, and the last, for thy Norah to  
 seek."

For beauty and bravery Cathan was known,

And the long flowing coulin he wore in Tyrone ;  
The sweetest of singers and harpers was he,  
All over the North, from the Bann to the sea.

O'er the marshes of Dublin he often would  
rove,  
To the Glens of O'Toole, where he met with  
his love ;  
And at parting they pledged that, next mid-  
summer day,  
He would come for the last time, and bear  
her away.

The king had forbidden the men of O'Neal,  
With the coulin adorned to come o'er the pale ;  
But Norah was Irish, and said, in her pride,  
" If he wear not his coulin, I'll ne'er be his  
bride."

The bride has grown pale as the robe that she  
wears,  
For the Lammas is come, and no bridegroom  
appears ;  
And she hearkens and gazes, when all are at  
rest,  
For the sound of his harp and the sheen of his  
vest.

Her palfrey is pillioned, and she has gone forth  
On the long rugged road that leads down to  
the North ;—  
Where Eblana's strong castle frowns darkly  
and drear,  
Is the head of her Cathan upraised on a spear.

The Lords of the Castle had murdered him  
there,

And all for the wearing that poor lock of hair:  
For the word she had spoken in mirth or in  
    pride,  
Her lover, too fond and too faithful, had died.

'Twas then that she looked in the face of her  
    dear,  
She breathed not a sigh, and she dropped not  
    a tear;  
She took up his harp, and she kissed his cold  
    cheek:  
"Farewell! 'tis the first for thy Norah to seek."

And afterward, oft would the wilderness ring,  
As, at night, in sad strains, to that harp she  
    would sing  
Her heart-breaking tones,—we remember them  
    well—  
But the words of her wailing no mortal can tell.

---

## THE GREEN ISLE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

**FAIREST!** put on awhile  
These pinions of light I bring thee,  
And o'er thy own green isle  
In fancy let me wing thee.  
Never did Ariel's plume,  
At golden sunset hover  
O'er scenes so full of bloom,  
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,  
And fearlessly meets the ardor  
Of the warm Summer's gaze,  
With only her tears to guard her.  
Rocks, through myrtle boughs  
In grace majestic frowning,  
Like some bold warrior's brows  
That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,  
That never hath bird come nigh them,  
But from his course thro' air  
He hath been won down by them.  
Types, sweet maid, of thee,  
Whose look, whose blush inviting,  
Never did Love yet see  
From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,  
And caves where the gem is sleeping,  
Bright as the tears thy lid  
Lets fall in lonely weeping.  
Glens where Ocean comes,  
To 'scape the wild wind's rancor,  
And harbors, worthiest homes,  
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if while scenes so grand,  
So beautiful, shine before thee,  
Pride for thy own dear land  
Should haply be stealing o'er thee;  
Oh, let grief come first,  
O'er pride itself victorious —  
Thinking how man hath curst  
What Heaven hath made so glorious!

## MY GRAVE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

SHALL they bury me in the deep,  
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?  
Shall they dig a grave for me  
Under the green-wood tree?  
Or on the wild heath,  
Where the wilder breath  
Of the storm doth blow?  
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,  
Or under the shade of cathedral domes?  
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;  
Yet not there — nor in Greece, though I love  
it more.  
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I  
find?  
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing  
wind?  
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,  
Where coffinless thousands lie under the  
ground?  
Just as they fall, they are buried so —  
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,  
On an opening lawn — but not too wide!  
For I love the drip of the wetted trees —  
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,  
To freshen the turf — put no tombstone there,  
But green sods decked with daisies fair,

Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew,  
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.  
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,  
"He served his country, and loved his kind:"

Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,  
If one were sure to be buried so.

---

### CARROLL BAWN.

BY LEO (JNO. K. CASEY).

AIR:—"The River Roe," or, "Irish Molly O."

"TWAS in the town of Wexford  
They sentenced him to die —  
"TWAS in the town of Wexford  
They built the gallows high;  
And there, one summer morning,  
When beamed the gentle dawn,  
Upon that cursed gibbet,  
They hung my Carroll Bawn.

Oh, he was true and loyal,  
Oh, he was proud and fair —  
And only nineteen summers  
Shone on his golden hair;  
And when his gallant brothers  
Had grasped the pike in hand,  
Where th' green flag stream'd the fairest  
He stood for native land.

I saw him cross the heather  
With his bold company,

And from the rising hillside  
He waved his hand to me ;  
Then on my wild heart settled  
A load of woe and pain —  
*Mavrone*, its throbbing told me  
We'd never meet again.

They fought the Saxon foemen  
By Slaney's glancing wave,  
But brutal strength o'erpowered  
The gallant and the brave ;  
And in the flight which followed  
That day of misery,  
Sore wounded he was taken,  
My Carroll Bawn Machree.

Oh, *fareer gair*, that ever  
I saw the dreadful sight —  
His locks all damply hanging —  
His cheeks so deadly white ;  
What wonder if my ringlets  
Were changed from dark to grey ;  
Or if the blessed hand of God  
Had ta'en my life away.

'Twas in the town of Wexford  
They sentenced him to die —  
'Twas in the town of Wexford  
They built the gallows high ;  
With form erect and manly,  
And look of scornful pride,  
For Ireland's faith and freedom  
My true love nobly died.

The meadow path is lonely,  
The hearth is cold and dim,

And the silent churchyard blossom  
Blooms softly over him ;  
And my heart is ever yearning  
For the calm rest coming on,  
When its weary pulse lies sleeping  
Beside my Carroll Bawn.

---

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

A. D. 1796.

BY LEO (JNO. K. CASEY.)

AIR:—"The Wearing of the Green."

"OH, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,  
Tell me why you hurry so?"  
"Hush! *ma bouchal*, hush and listen ;"  
And his cheeks were all aglow :  
"I bear ordhers from the Captain —  
Get you ready quick and soon,  
For the pikes must be together  
At the risin' of the Moon."

CHORUS.

At the risin' of the Moon,  
At the risin' of the Moon,  
For the pikes must be together  
At the risin' of the Moon.

"Oh, then, tell me, Shawn O'Eerrall,  
Where the gath'rin' is to be?"  
"In the ould spot by the river,  
Right well known to you and me ;



One word more — for signal token,  
Whistle up the marchin' tune,  
With your pike upon your shoulder,  
By the risin' of the Moon."  
(Repeat Chorus.)

Out from many a mud-wall cabin  
Eyes were watching thro' that night;  
Many a manly chest was throbbing  
For the blessed warning light.  
Murmurs passed along the valleys,  
Like the Banshee's lonely croon,  
And a thousand blades were flashing  
At the risin' of the Moon.  
(Repeat Chorus.)

There, beside the singing river,  
That dark mass of men was seen —  
Far above the shining weapons  
Hung their own beloved "Green."  
"Death to ev'ry foe and traitor!  
Forward! — strike the marchin' tune,  
And hurrah, my boys, for freedom!  
'Tis the risin' of the Moon."  
(Repeat Chorus.)

Well they fought for poor old Ireland,  
And full bitter was their fate —  
(Oh, what glorious pride and sorrow  
Fills the name of 'Ninety-Eight!)  
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating  
Hearts in Manhood's burning noon,  
Who would follow in their footsteps  
At the risin' of the moon!"  
(Repeat Chorus.)

THE IRISH PEASANT GIRL.\*

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

SHE lived beside the Anner,  
At the foot of Shev-na-mon,  
A gentle peasant girl  
With mild eyes like the dawn;  
Her lips were dewy rosebuds —  
Her teeth, of pearls rare —  
And a snowdrift 'neath a beechen bough  
Her neck and nut-brown hair.

How pleasant 'twas to meet her  
On Sunday, when the bell  
Was filling with its mellow tones  
Lone wood and grassy dell;  
And when at eve young maidens  
Strayed the river bank along —  
The widow's brown-haired daughter  
Was loveliest of the throng.

O, brave, brave Irish girls —  
We well may call you brave! —  
Sure the least of all your perils  
Is the stormy ocean wave;  
When you leave our quiet valleys,  
And cross the Atlantic's foam —  
To hoard your hard-won earnings  
For the helpless ones at home.

\*This little poem was pronounced "a gem" by the late Michael Doheny—a eulogy which it well deserves.

“Write word to my own dear mother —  
Say, we’ll meet with God above;  
And tell my little brothers  
I send them all my love;  
May the angels ever guard them,  
Is their dying sister’s prayer” —  
And folded in the letter  
Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

Ah! cold, and well nigh callous,  
This weary heart has grown  
For thy helpless fate, dear Ireland,  
And for sorrows of my own.  
Yet a tear my eye will moisten,  
When by Anner’s side I stray,  
For the lily of the mountain foot  
That wither’d far away.

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## CAROLAN AND BRIDGET CRUISE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that when deprived of sight, and after the lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand. The lady’s name was Bridget Cruise; and, though not a pretty name, it deserves to be recorded, as belonging to the woman who could inspire such a passion.]

“TRUE love can ne’er forget;  
Fondly as when we met,  
Dearest, I love thee yet,  
My darling one!”  
Thus sung a minstrel gay

His sweet impassion'd lay,  
Down by the ocean's spray  
    At set of sun ;  
But wither'd was the minstrel's sight,  
Morn to him was dark as night,  
Yet his heart was full of light ;  
As he thus his lay begun :

“ True love can ne'er forget ;  
Fondly as when we met,  
Dearest, I love thee yet,  
    My darling one !  
Long years are past and o'er,  
Since from this fatal shore,  
Cold hearts and cold winds bore  
    My love from me.”  
Scarcely the minstrel spoke,  
When quick, with flashing stroke,  
A boat's light oar the silence broke  
    O'er the sea ;

Soon upon her native strand  
Doth a lovely lady land,  
With the minstrel's love-taught hand  
    Did o'er his wild harp run :  
“ True love can ne'er forget ;  
Fondly as when we met,  
Dearest, I love thee yet,  
    My darling one ! ”  
Where the minstrel sat alone,  
There, that lady fair had gone,  
Within his hand she placed her own,  
    The bard dropped on his knee ;

From his lips soft blessings came,  
He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,

In trembling tones he named — *her* name,  
 Though he could not see;  
 But oh! — the touch the bard could tell  
 Of that dear hand, remembered well,  
 Ah! — by many a secret spell  
 Can true love find her own!  
 For true love can ne'er forget;  
 Fondly as when they met;  
 He loved his lady yet,  
 His darling one.

---

WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.\*

1798.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

[Dr. Drennan, the author of this ballad, was one of the ablest writers among the United Irishmen. His songs and ballads were chiefly directed to enlist Ulster in "the Union." His song named "Erin," which fixed upon Ireland the title of "the Emerald Isle," Moore esteems among the most perfect of modern songs.

HERE our murdered brother lies;  
 Wake him not with women's cries:  
 Mourn the way that manhood ought;  
 Sit in silent trance of thought.

\* Tried and convicted, in October, 1797, for administering the United Irish oath to a private soldier. Four of the jury made affidavits that whiskey had been introduced into the jury-room, and the verdict obtained under the influence of drunkenness and intimidation — notwithstanding which, he was afterwards executed!

Write his merits on your mind ;  
Morals pure and manners kind ;  
In his head as on a hill,  
Virtue plac'd her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth ?  
Truth he spoke, and acted truth.  
Countrymen, UNITE, he cried,  
And died — for what his Saviour died.

God of Peace, and God of Love,  
Let it not thy vengeance move,  
Let it not thy lightnings draw ;  
A nation guillotined by law.

Hapless nation ! rent and torn,  
Thou wert early taught to mourn.  
Warfare of six hundred years !  
Epochs marked with blood and tears !

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,  
Or flung *reward* to human hounds :  
Each one pull'd and tore his share,  
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation — hapless Land,  
Heap of uncementing sand !  
Crumbled by a foreign weight ;  
And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy ! God of peace !  
Make the mad confusion cease ;  
O'er the mental chaos move,  
Through it *SPEAK* the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight !

34      *The Brigade at Fontenoy.*

Brothers' blood will not unite;  
Holy oil and holy water,  
Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild?  
The widow'd mother with her child;  
Child new stirring in the womb!  
Husband waiting for the tomb!

Angel of this sacred place,  
Calm her soul and whisper peace,  
Cord, or axe, or guillotin'  
Make the sentence — not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep;  
Watch with us, but do not weep;  
Watch with us thro' dead of night,  
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune — persevere! —  
Lo! it breaks, the morning clear!  
The cheerful cock awakes the skies,  
The day is come — arise! — arise!

---

**“THE BRIGADE” AT FONTENOY.**

**MAY 11, 1745.**

**BY BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.**

[Mr. Dowling is a native of Limerick, and was clerk to the Treasurer of the Corporation of that city when he wrote the following spirited ballad. He emigrated to the United States in 1851.]

**By our camp-fires rose a murmur,**

At the dawning of the day,  
And the tread of many footsteps  
Spoke the advent of the fray;  
And as we took our places,  
Few and stern were our words,  
While some were tightening horse-girths,  
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded  
Our footmen to array —  
The willing steed has bounded,  
Impatient for the fray —  
The green flag is unfolded,  
While rose the cry of joy —  
“Heaven speed dear Ireland’s banner,  
To-day at Fontenoy.”

We looked upon that banner,  
And the memory arose  
Of our homes and perished kindred,  
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;  
We looked upon that banner,  
And we swore to God on high  
To smite to-day the Saxon’s might —  
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet —  
’Tis a voice from our own land —  
God of battles — God of vengeance,  
Guide to-day the patriot’s brand;  
There are stains to wash away —  
There are memories to destroy,  
In the best blood of the Briton  
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels



In a thousand reeking flanks —  
Down, chivalry of Ireland,  
Down on the British ranks —  
Now shall their serried columns  
Beneath our sabres reel —  
Through their ranks, then, with the war-  
horse —  
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis,  
And the fair land of the vine,  
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,  
We swept upon their line —  
Then rang along the battle-field  
Triumphant our hurrah,  
And we smote them down, still cheering  
“*Erin, slanthagal go bragh.*” \*

As prized as is the blessing  
From an aged father’s lip —  
As welcome as the haven  
To the tempest-driven ship —  
As dear as to the lover,  
The smile of gentle maid —  
Is this day of long-sought vengeance  
To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,  
A broken, routed line —  
See England, what brave laurels  
For your brow to-day we twine.  
Oh, thrice blessed the hour that witnessed  
The Briton turned to flee  
From the chivalry of Erin,  
And France’s “*fleur de lis.*”

\* Ireland, the bright toast forever!

As we lay beside our camp fires,  
When the sun had passed away,  
And thought upon our brethren,  
Who had perished in the fray —  
We prayed to God to grant us,  
And then we'd die with joy,  
One day upon our own dear land  
Like this of Fontenoy.

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## IRISH SONG.

BY LEO (JNO. K. CASEY.)

AIR:—"I remember, I remember."

O EVA! when the gentle moon is watching  
from on high,  
And when the stars, like golden gems, are  
sparkling in the sky,  
I will meet thee, I will meet thee, in the lone-  
ly shamrock dell,  
And I'll sing to thee, *ma colleen bawn*, the song  
you love so well.

The love I bear you in my breast is faithful  
still, and true  
As when my lips unfolded first the secret unto  
you —  
But, oh! its deep intensity, no words of mine  
can tell;  
So, darling, then I'll breathe it in the song  
you love so well.

Oh! many a moon has filled and waned since  
I met thee before,

38      *Why We Wear the Green.*

Still in my bosom thou'rt enshrined, as in  
those days of yore,  
When the zephyr sighed so softly, and the  
evening shadows fell,  
And first I woke for thee, *asthore*, the song  
you love so well.

And years may fill the tide of life till youth  
appears a dream;  
Yet I will cling to thee, my love, with fond-  
ness just the same  
As in that summer evening, in the lonely  
shamrock dell,  
When first my vows I whispered in the song  
you love so well.

---

WHY WE WEAR THE GREEN.

BY J. A. JOYCE.

AIR:—"Wearing of the Green."

WHEN God raised up our island,  
'Mid the billows of the West,  
And with vale, and stream, and highland,  
Made beautiful her breast,  
The smiling sun flung round her  
A robe of golden sheen;  
And the misty west wind crown'd her  
With a garland ever green.

Soon the Gaelic warrior galleys  
Sailed to the shining shore,  
And brave men and beauteous women

Came to dwell forever more.  
And their sacrificial fires  
On their altars high were seen,  
When the sun and winds they worshipped  
For their glorious gift of Green.

But the Pagan fires faded,  
And the Druid altars fell,  
When Patrick came, with glowing words,  
His nobler truths to tell.  
“In the Shamrock, lo! the emblem  
Of the Trinity is seen” —  
’Twas thus he consecrated here  
The Wearing of the Green.

And the nation’s heart leaped to it,  
And thence for evermore,  
On their breasts and in their banners  
The flashing tint they bore.  
On their breasts and in their banners  
The gleaming hue was seen;  
And the proudest foes went down before  
The men who bore the Green.

So we wear it, and *will* wear it  
In memory of the brave —  
The true and tried, who strove and died  
Our nation’s rights to save!  
Of those who nobly cherished it,  
When smote oppression keen;  
Of those who pine in prison  
For the love they bear the Green.

## PAT MOLLOY.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

[Dion Boucicault was born in Dublin, where he enjoys a well-deserved popularity. With Irish Americans he is equally popular, not only for his faithful representation of Irish character, but as the man who first brought to the notice of the American people, the beautiful scenery of Ireland. In this way he has rendered immense service to his country.]

JUST eighteen years of age I was —  
My mother's white hair'd boy;  
She kept a little huxter's shop —  
Her name it was Molloy.  
I've thirteen childer, Pat, says she,  
That heav'n to me has sint;  
But childer aren't pigs, you know,  
For they don't help to pay the rint.  
She gave me ev'ry shillin'  
That there was in the till:  
She kissed me fifty times, as if  
She'd never get her fill.  
God bless you, Pat, says she,  
And don't forget, my darlin' boy,  
That Ould Ireland is your counthry,  
And that you are a Molloy.

Oh, England is a purty place!  
Of goold there is no lack;  
I trudg'd from York to London  
Wid my scythe upon my back.  
And English girls are beautiful —  
Their love I can't decline;  
The eatin' and the drinkin' too,

Is plintiful and fine.  
But in the corner of my heart,  
That nobody could see,  
Two eyes of Irish blue  
Were always lookin' out on me.  
Oh, Molly darlin', never fear,  
I'm still your darlin' boy,  
For Ould Ireland is my counthry,  
An' — *your* name shall be Molloy.

From Ireland to Amerikay,  
Across the *say* I roam,  
An' ev'ry shillin' that I *med'*,  
Och, sure I sint it home.  
The mother could not write; but sure  
This came from Father Boyce —  
"Heaven bless you, Pat!" it seemed as if  
I heard my mother's voice.  
An' now I'm goin' home again,  
As poor as I began,  
To make a happy girl of Molly,  
An' I think I can.  
My pockets they are empty,  
But my heart is full of joy;  
For Ould Ireland is my counthry,  
An' hoo! my name is Pat Molloy.

---

## KATHLEEN BAN ADAIR.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

THE battle blood of Antrim had not dried on  
freedom's shroud,

And the rosy ray of morning was but struggling thro' the cloud ;  
When, with lightning foot and deathly cheek,  
and wildly waving hair.  
O'er grass and dew, scarce breathing, flew  
young Kathleen ban Adair.

Behind, her native Antrim in a reeking ruin  
lies ;  
Before her, like a silvery path, Kell's sleeping  
waters rise ;  
And many a pointed shrub has pierc'd those  
feet so white and bare,  
But, oh ! thy heart is deeper rent, young Kathleen  
ban Adair.

And Kathleen's heart but one week since was  
like a harvest morn ;  
When hope and joy are kneeling round the  
sheaf of yellow corn ;  
But where's the bloom then made her cheek  
so ripe, so richly fair ?  
Thy stricken heart hath fed on it, young Kathleen  
ban Adair.

And now she gains a thicket, where the sloe  
and hazel rise ;  
But why those shrieking whispers, like a rush  
of worded sighs ?  
Ah ! low and lonely bleeding lies a wounded  
patriot there,  
And every pang of his is thine, young Kathleen  
ban Adair.

“I see them, oh ! I see them, in their fearful  
red array ;

The yeomen, love! the yeomen come — ah!  
    heavens away, away!  
I know, I know they mean to track my lion to  
    his lair;  
Ah! save thy life — ah! save it for thy Kath-  
leen ban Adair!”

“May Heaven shield thee, Kathleen! — when  
    my soul has gone to rest;  
May comfort rear her temple in thy pure and  
    faithful breast;  
But to fly them, oh! to fly them, like a bleed-  
    ing hunted hare;  
No! not to purchase heaven, with my Kath-  
leen ban Adair.

‘I loved, I love thee, Kathleen, in my bosom’s  
    warmest core —  
And Erin, injured Erin, oh! I loved thee even  
    more;  
And death, I feared him little when I drove  
    him through their square,  
Nor now, though eating at my heart, my Kath-  
leen ban Adair.”

With feeble hand his blade he grasp’d, yet  
    dark with spoiler’s blood;  
And then, as though with dying bound, once  
    more erect he stood;  
But scarcely had he kiss’d that cheek so pale,  
    so purely fair,  
When flashed their bayonets round him and  
    his Kathleen ban Adair!

Then up arose his trembling, yet his dreaded  
    hero’s hand,



And up arose, in struggling sounds, his cheer  
for mother land :  
A thrust — a rush — their foremost falls ; but  
ah ! good God ! see there,  
Thy lover's quivering at thy feet, young Kathleen ban Adair !

But heavens ! men, what recked he then your  
heartless, taunts and blows,  
When from his lacerated heart ten dripping  
bayonets rose ?  
And maiden, thou with frantic hands, what  
boots it kneeling there ?  
The winds heed not thy yellow locks, young  
Kathleen ban Adair.

Oh ! what were tears, or shrieks, or swoons  
but shadows of the rest,  
When torn was frantic Kathleen from the  
slaughtered hero's breast ?  
And hardly had his last-heaved sigh grown  
cold upon the air,  
When oh ! of all but life they robb'd young  
Kathleen ban Adair.

But whither now shall Kathleen fly ? — already  
is she gone ;  
Thy water, Kells, is tempting fair, and thither  
speeds she on ;  
A moment on its blooming banks she kneels in  
hurried prayer —  
Now in its wave she finds a grave, poor Kathleen ban Adair !

## IRISH MARY.

BY JOHN BANIM.

FAR away from Erin's strand,  
And valleys wide, and sounding waters,  
Still she is, in every land,  
One of Erin's real daughters :  
Oh ! to meet her here is like  
A dream of home and natal mountains ;  
On our hearts their voices strike —  
We hear the gushing of their fountains !  
Yes ! our Irish Mary dear !  
Our own, our real Irish Mary !  
A flower of home, fresh blooming come,  
Art thou to us, our Irish Mary.

Round about us here we see  
Bright eyes like hers, and sunny faces,  
Charming all ! — if all were free  
Of foreign airs, of borrowed graces.  
Mary's eye, it flashes truth !  
And Mary's spirit, Mary's nature,  
" Irish lady," fresh in youth,  
Have beamed o'er every look and feature !  
Yes ! our Irish Mary dear !  
When *La Tournure* doth make us weary,  
We have you, to turn unto  
For native grace, our Irish Mary.

Sighs of home ! — her Erin's songs  
O'er all her songs we love to listen ;  
Tears of home ! — her Erin's wrongs  
Subdue our kindred eyes to glisten !

Oh! should woe to gloom consign  
The clear fire-side of love and honor,  
You will see a holier sign  
Of Irish Mary bright upon her!  
Yes! our Irish Mary dear  
Will light that home though e'er so dreary,  
Shining still o'er clouds of ill,  
Sweet star of life, our Irish Mary!

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### SUMMER LONGINGS.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May —  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,  
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,  
With the woodbine alternating,  
Scent the dewy way.  
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May —  
Longing to escape from study,  
To the young face fair and ruddy,  
And the thousand charms belonging  
To the summer's day.  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May —

Sighing for their sure returning,  
When the summer beams are burning,  
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying  
All the winter lay.  
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May —  
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,  
Or the water-wooing willows;  
Where in laughing and in sobbing  
Glide the streams away.  
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
Waiting for the May.  
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,  
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;  
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
Life still ebbs away:  
Man is ever weary, weary,  
Waiting for the May!

---

## THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN.

BY PAT.

OH! the Green, the Green was withering fast  
beneath vile England's breath,  
Till the Phoenix rose and raised the shout of  
"Victory or death!"

When came the valiant Fenian Boys, the off  
spring of the brave,  
To hoist their flags and wave them high above  
the Saxon's grave;  
And from the day they "pave the way" to  
Freedom's sacred goal,  
Their spirit proudly soars aloft from Slavery's  
control;  
The Green grows fresh, while Fenians flesh  
the pikehead and the *skean*  
In England's heart, who hates us for the Wear-  
ing of the Green!

## CHORUS.

The Wearing of the Green —  
Oh! the Wearing of the Green;  
We'll live and die defending still  
The Wearing of the Green.

Near a century has passed since Tone gave up  
to Fate,  
But still his spirit animates the men of Sixty-  
Eight!  
The spirit that awoke us up, when Desolation  
stood,  
And scared us like a storm-fiend, and drenched  
our land in blood!  
That spirit dread, that roused the dead, is ri-  
pening for revolt, —  
It wields, within its powerful grasp, the thun-  
der's fiery bolt;  
It stands alone, — it shakes the throne — its  
glance is fierce and keen —  
It braves the battle's terrors for the Wearing  
of the Green!

CHORUS.

The Wearing of the Green —  
Oh! the Wearing of the Green;  
We'll brave the battle's terrors for  
The Wearing of the Green!

Three million stalwart arms now are nerved  
at home for fight,  
While millions more of *exiled* Celts are sworn  
to unite;  
United thus, no power on earth, not even Brit-  
ain's host,  
Can stop the progress of the men led on by  
Emmet's ghost!  
Then, up! up! up! and quaff the cup of ven-  
geance to the brim;  
Onward now, redeem your vow, and boldly fol-  
low him;  
Like the Louisiana Tigers, from their ambus-  
cade unseen,  
Spring to the fray, in fierce array, for the Wear-  
ing of the Green!

CHORUS.

The Wearing of the Green —  
Oh! the Wearing of the Green;  
We'll brave the battle's terrors for  
The Wearing of the Green.

'Tis true that many a Fenian heart now throbs  
where Freedom dwells, —  
But, ah! 'tis true that Fenians, too, now pine  
in British cells; —  
"Rossa," "Leo," Burke, McMahon, Luby, and  
the rest,

Now feel the ruthless torture of the tyrant  
they detest;  
Within those dens, those prison pens, our gal-  
lant brothers die,  
When, maddened with revenge and hate, their  
bounding spirits fly!  
And three *have swung* because they clung to  
Freedom's cause, I ween,  
But yet we shall avenge their blood by Wear-  
in' o' the Green!

## CHORUS.

The Wearin' of the Green, —  
Oh! the Wearing of the Green;  
We'll brave the battle's terrors for  
The Wearing of the Green.

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## SONG OF INNISFAIL.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THEY came from a land beyond the sea,  
And now o'er the western main  
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,  
From the sunny land of Spain.  
"Oh! where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,  
Our destined home or grave?"  
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,  
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines  
A sparkle of radiant green,  
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,

Whose light through the wave was seen.  
“ ’Tis Innisfail — ’tis Innisfail ! ”  
Rings o’er the echoing sea ;  
While, bending to heav’n the warriors hail  
That home of the brave and free.

Then turned they unto the Eastern wave,  
Where now their Day-God’s eye  
A look of such sunny omen gave  
As lighted up sea and sky.  
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,  
Gor tear o’er leaf or sod,  
When first on their Isle of Destiny  
Our great forefathers trod.

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**BOUCHALEEN DHOWN.**

BY JNO. E. CASEY.

AIR:— “ Boughal Dhown.”

MY true love he dwells on the mountains,  
Like a war eagle, “ fearless and free,”  
By the side of the low tuning fountains  
That wander thro’ wild Annalee ;  
His soul has more valor and honor  
Than a king with a palace and crown,  
For the blood of the race of O’Connor  
Fills the veins of my *Bouchaleen Dhown*.

Soft *cead mille failthe* I give him  
When he comes every Sunday to me,  
And what can I do but believe him,  
As he whispers *acushta machree*.



52      *The Myrtle and Shamrock.*

For the look is so truthful and tender  
Of his bright roving eyes of dark brown,  
That I'm sure e'en a lady in splendor,  
Would be coaxed by my *Bouchaleen Dhow*.

My father has riches in plenty,  
And suitors for me in his eye,  
But oh! let my age come to twenty,  
If I don't give them all the "good-by,"  
For I sigh for a life on the mountains,  
Far away from the dust of the town,  
With the song of the soft tuning fountains,  
And the love of my *Bouchaleen Dhow*.

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THE MYRTLE AND SHAMROCK.

BY PATRICIUS (P. J. O'KENNEDY.)

THE Myrtle blooms in foreign bowers,  
It gives its perfume to the air  
Beneath Sicilia's balmy showers,  
And by Sorrento fair;  
It waves above the martial slain,  
By gentle breezes fanned,  
In blue Ansonia's clime, and Spain —  
The minstrel's favored land.

The virgins meet beneath its shade,  
The lovers tell their tale,  
When moonlight lends its genial aid,  
To make its force prevail;  
And many a lay of olden rhyme  
Have bards beneath it sung,

In sweet Italia's sunny clime,  
In Tasso's native tongue.

Yet more I prize the shamrock green.  
That springs from Irish sod;  
For in its triple leaves are seen  
An emblem of the God  
Who reigns in *triune* majesty  
On his supernal throne;  
Where radiant seraphs bend the knee,  
And all His glories own.

For Erin's saint, as legends tell,  
Its triple blossoms chose,  
To prove this truth, still cherished well  
Through Erin's countless woes;  
And hence we prize the emblem fair,  
And love its emerald green;  
And Ireland's sons its leaves shall wear  
In every clime and scene.

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## THE DYING GIRL.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

FROM a Munster vale they brought her,  
From the pure and balmy air,  
An Ormond peasant's daughter,  
With blue eyes and golden hair.  
They brought her to the city,  
And she faded slowly there,  
Consumption has no pity  
For blue eyes and golden hair.

When I saw her first reclining,  
Her lips were moved in pray'r;  
And the setting sun was shining  
On her loosen'd golden hair.  
When our kindly glances met her,  
Deadly brilliant was her eye:  
And she said that she was better,  
While we knew that she must die.

She speaks of Munster valleys,  
The patron, dance, and fair;  
And her thin hand feebly dallies  
With her scattered golden hair.  
When silently we listen'd  
To her breath with quiet care,  
Her eyes with wonder glisten'd —  
And she asked us what was there.

The poor thing smiled to ask it,  
And her pretty mouth laid bare,  
Like gems within a casket,  
A string of pearlets rare.  
We said that we were trying  
By the gushing of her blood,  
And the time she took in sighing  
To know if she were good.

Well, she smil'd and chatted gayly,  
Tho' we saw in mute despair  
The hectic brighter daily,  
And the death-dew on her hair.  
And oft her wasted fingers  
Beating time upon the bed,  
O'er some old tune she lingers,  
And she bows her golden head.

At length the harp is broken,  
And the spirit in its strings,  
As the last decree is broken  
To its source exulting springs..  
Descending swiftly from the skies,  
Her guardian angel came,  
He struck God's lightning from her eyes,  
And bore him back the flame.

Before the sun had risen  
Thro' the lark-loved morning air,  
Her young soul left its prison,  
Undefiled by sin or care.  
I stood beside the couch in tears  
Where pale and calm she slept,  
And tho' I've gaz'd on death for years,  
I blush not that I wept.  
I check'd with effort pity's sighs  
And left the matron there,  
To close the curtains of her eyes,  
And bind her golden hair.

[ "The Dying Girl" was an inmate of one of the hospitals in Dublin attended by Mr. Williams.]

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## THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

BY REV. FRANCIS MAHONEY

Author of the "Prout Papers."

WITH deep affection and recollection  
I often think of those Shandon bells,  
Whose sound so wild, would, in days of childhood,

Fling round my cradle their magic spells.  
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;  
    With thy bells of Shandon,  
    That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;  
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,  
But all their music spoke not like thine :  
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,  
    Made the bells of Shandon,  
    Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling " old Adrian's Mole " in,  
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,  
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame :  
But thy sounds were sweeter, than the dome  
    of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.  
    O! the bells of Shandon,  
    Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and  
    kiosko,  
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air, calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.  
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them ;  
But there's an anthem more dear to me,

'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

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THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

ONE blessing on my native isle!  
One curse upon her foes!  
While yet her skies above me smile,  
Her breeze around me blows:  
Now, never more my cheek be wet;  
Nor sigh, nor altered mien,  
Tell the dark tyrant I regret  
The Wearing of the Green.

Sweet land! my parents loved you well;  
They sleep within your breast;  
With theirs — for love no words can tell —  
My bones must never rest.  
And lonely must my true love stray,  
That was our village queen,  
When I am banished far away,  
For the Wearing of the Green.

But, Mary, dry that bitter tear,  
'Twould break my heart to see;  
And sweetly sleep my parents dear,  
That cannot weep for me.  
I'll think not of my distant tomb,  
Nor seas rolled wide between,  
But watch the hour, that yet will come,  
For the Wearing of the Green.

Oh! I care not for the thistle,  
And I care not for the rose,  
For when the cold winds whistle  
Neither down nor crimson shows;  
But like hope to him that's friendless  
Where no gaudy flower is seen,  
By our graves, with love that's endless,  
Waves our own true-hearted Green.

OH! sure God's world was wide enough,  
And plentiful for all!  
And ruined cabins were no stuff  
To build a lordly hall;  
They might have let the poor man live,  
Yet all as lordly been;  
But heaven its own good time will give  
For the Wearing of the Green.

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### THE BLARNEY.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

AIR:— "Kate Kearney."

OH, did you ne'er hear of the Blarney,  
That's found near the banks of Killarney?  
Believe it from me,  
No girl's heart is free,  
Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.

For the Blarney's so great a desaiwer,  
That a girl thinks you're there—tho' you  
leave her,

And never finds out  
All the thricks you're about,  
Till she's quite gone herself, with your Blarney.

Oh, say, would you find this same Blarney,  
There's a castle, not far from Killarney,  
On the top of the wall —  
But take care you don't fall —  
There's a stone that contains all this Blarney

Like a magnet, its influence such is,  
That attraction it gives all it touches,  
If you kiss it, they say,  
That from that blessed day,  
You may kiss whom you please, with your Blarney.

---

## STANZAS.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Supposed to be written on the Night that the Act  
of Legislative Union became the law of the land.

OH! Ireland my country — the hour  
Of thy pride and thy splendor hath pass'd;  
And the chain that was spurned in the moment of pow'r,  
Hangs heavy around thee at last.  
There are marks in the fate of each clime —  
There are turns in the fortunes of men;  
But the changes of realms, or the chances of time,  
Can never restore thee again.



Thou art chain'd to the wheel of the foe,  
By links which the world shall not sever;  
With thy tyrant, thro' storm and thro' calm  
thou shalt go,  
And thy sentence is bondage forever.  
Thou art doom'd for the thankless to toil,  
Thou art left for the proud to disdain;  
And the blood of thy sons, and the wealth of  
thy soil,  
Shall be wasted and wasted in vain.

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken,  
Thy valor with coldness repaid;  
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and  
forsaken,  
Not one shall stand forth in thine aid;  
In the nations thy place is left void,  
Thou art lost in the list of the free,  
Even realms, by the plague or the earthquake  
destroy'd,  
May revive — but no hope is for thee.

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## BILLY'S BIRTH-DAY.

*His Leaden Majesty in College Green.*

[The "dressing" of the Statue of King William III. on each fourth of November (his birth-day) was a custom of long continuance. Mr. Brownlow, Member for Armagh, stated in the House of Commons, 15th April, 1823, that, in looking over some old papers, he had found a proclamation, issued beyond one hundred years ago, offering a considerable reward for the discovery of the villain who, on the 11th October, 1714, had stolen the truncheon from the hand of his Majesty AFTER HE HAD BEEN DRESSED.]

The "dressing" consisted of a profusion of orange and blue ribbons; the horse was festooned with them—the headstall and bridle reins, etc., were so formed, and with large orange rosettes; while his Majesty was decorated with a crown of orange lilies, intertwined with blue ribbons, an ample orange sash, and silk cloak of same—both with broad blue silk binding, and with streamers of orange and blue ribbons wherever they could be attached, while ribbons of our National color were nailed to the horse's upraised hoof. The "dressing" was seldom commenced till the morning of the 4th of November, the pedestal and statue being previously painted white, and the panels and iron railing blue and orange.

On the night of Saturday, the 2nd of November, 1805, the watchman at the corner of Foster-place was addressed by a man, apparently a painter, who stated that the statue was not yet quite finished, and that he would prefer "touching him up" that night, than subject himself to exposure and insult on the morrow (Sunday.) He therefore had easy access to his Majesty, and the mode in which he "touched him up" was the subject of the following street ballad:—]

De night afore Billy's birth-day,  
Some frind to de Dutchman came to him,  
And tho' he expected no pay,  
He tould de ould watchman he'd do him;  
For, says he, I must have him in style,  
The job is most wonderful heavy,  
And I'd rather sit up for a while  
Dan see him undressed at de levee;  
For he was de broth of a boy.

Den up to His Highness he goes,  
And with tar he anointed his body,  
So that when morning arose  
He looked like a sweep in a noddy;  
It fitted him just to de skin,  
Wherever de journeyman stuck it;

And after committing de sin,  
Have an eye, said he, watch, to de bucket;  
For I have not done wid him yet.

De Orangemen next day gathered round,  
And began to indulge in conjecture;  
Dey all wished de tief to be found,  
Who dar'd to bedaub the king's pictur;  
But wishing is all in my eye,  
Let dem bid some reward for attainture;  
And den I'll be bound dat some spy  
Will soon lay his hand on de painter;  
And Toler will do all de rest.

Oh! de Papists, de Papists, dey cried,  
Are de boys dat bedivilled our darlant;  
Deir loyalty (seldom 'twas tried)  
Sure never was found to be starlint.  
'Tis one of de blackest of crimes  
Dat ever de villains attempted;  
It shows dere's no spunk in de times,  
Or else we'd soon make dem repent it;  
And drive dem to Connaught or Hell.

Oh! by G——, it's a very just deed,  
Had we acted by Foster's direction,  
We'd have butchered de craw-thumping breed,  
And de king would not lose his complexion;  
But he offered de job to bad hands,  
And since we neglected to take it,  
You see how de statue now stands —  
'Tis as black as de devil can make it;  
Whilst de villains may laugh at our grief.

De birth-day being now very nigh,  
And swaddling clothes made for our hero,

A painter was sent for to try  
Could he whitewash de face of de negro ;  
He gave him de brush to be sure,  
But de first man so deeply did stain him,  
Dat de whitewash effected no cure —  
Faith ! de whole river Boyne would not clean  
him,  
And still he remains in de dirt.

---

### THE LEAVES SO GREEN.

WHEN life hath left this senseless clay,  
By all but thee forgot ;  
Oh ! bear me, dearest, far away,  
To some green, lonely spot :  
Where none with careless step may tread  
The grass upon my grave,  
But gently o'er my narrow bed  
"The leaves so green" may wave.

The wild flowers, too, I loved so well,  
Shall breathe their sweetness there,  
While thrush and blackbird's songs shall swell  
Amid the fragrant air.  
No noisy burst of joy or woe  
Will there disturb my rest,  
But silent tears in secret flow  
From those who loved me best.

The crowded town and haunts of men  
I never loved to tread,  
To sheltered vale or lonely glen  
My weary spirit fled.

Then lay me, dearest, far away,  
By other eyes unseen,  
Where gleams of sunshine rarely stray,  
Beneath the "leaves so green."

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### MOLLIE, DEAR.

BY ROGER O'HARE.

AIR:—"Wearing of the Green."

I AM going from thee, darling,  
From the sunshine of thy smile —  
From the dear old hills that cluster  
On my own sweet native isle;  
From the lakes and shining rivers  
That are flowing bright and clear,  
But my loving heart I'm leaving  
In your keeping, Mollie, dear!

### CHORUS.

O! you won't forget, mavourneen —  
When I'm on the stormy sea —  
My soul's sincere devotion  
To my native land and thee!

I am going from thee, darling!  
By the dawning of the day;  
I'll be gliding o'er the billows,  
To a land that's far away —  
Ere the ruby glow of morning  
Lights the summit of Cape Clear;  
But my faithful heart I'm leaving  
In your keeping, Mollie, dear!  
(Repeat Chorus.)

I am going from thee, darling!  
From the land of fairy lore, —  
From the holy shrines and temples  
That our fathers raised of yore.  
From where the glorious land-marks  
Of our ancient race appear,  
But my heart I leave behind me,  
In your keeping, Mollie, dear!  
(Repeat Chorus.)

I am going from thee, darling!  
To the fair land of the free;  
But, mavrone, my heart I'm leaving,  
By the Shannon's side with thee.  
Oh! heaven speed the golden time,  
When I shall homeward steer, —  
For to lift the sword for Erin,  
And to claim thee, Mollie, dear!  
(Repeat Chorus.)

---

### EMMET'S GRAVE.

AIR: — "Wolfe Tone's Grave."

"PRAY, tell me," I said, to an old man who  
staid,  
Drooping over the graves which his own hands  
had made,  
"Pray, tell me the name of the tenant that  
sleeps  
'Neath yonder lone shade, where the sad wil-  
low weeps?  
Every stone is engraved with the name of the  
dead.

But yon black slab declares not whose spirit  
is fled!"

In silence he bowed, and then beckoned me  
nigh,  
'Till we stood o'er the grave — then he said  
with a sigh,  
"Yes, they dare not to trace e'en a word on  
this stone,  
To the memory of him who sleeps coldly and  
lone;  
He told them, commanded, the lines o'er his  
grave,  
Should never be traced by the hand of a slave!

"He bade them to shade e'en his name in the  
gloom,  
Till the morning of freedom should shine on  
his tomb,  
'When the flag of my country at liberty flies,  
Then, then, let my name and my monument  
rise!'  
You see they obeyed him — 'tis sixty-one  
years,  
And they *still* come to moisten his grave with  
their tears!

"He was young, like yourself, and aspired to  
o'erthrow  
The tyrants, who filled his loved island with  
woe;  
*They* crushed him — this earth was too base,  
too confined,  
Too gross for the range of his luminous  
mind," —

The old man then paused, and went slowly  
away,  
And I felt, as he left me, an impulse to pray:—

“Grant, Heaven! I may see, ere my own days  
are done,  
A monument rise o’er my country’s lost son!  
And oh! proudest task, be it *mine* to indite,  
The long delayed tribute a freeman must  
write;  
Till then shall its theme in my heart deeply  
dwell,  
So peace to thy slumbers! — dear Emmet,  
farewell!

---

### THE DEATH OF CAROLAN.

AIR:— “She is far from the Land.”

THERE is woe in the isle of the ocean now,  
The young and the old are weeping;  
For Carolan’s harp bends the willow bough,  
And the minstrel in death is sleeping.

He swept the wild lyre with a mighty hand;  
And planted a wreath of glory  
Round the heads of the brave and good of the  
land,  
Who shine in their country’s story.

High peace to his soul! may its rest be sweet,  
As to memory the tone of his numbers;  
May the spirit of song and of freedom meet,  
O’er the lone, silent grave, where he slumbers.



May the angel of liberty come, and wave  
O'er his ashes her golden pinion,  
And carry his dust to the heart of the slave,  
Till tyranny loses dominion.

Bright sunbeams may fall on the days gone  
away;  
But the future is darkness wearing:  
For the last of the bards hath gone down to  
clay,  
Who sang the bold anthems of Erin.

---

## UNDER THE GREEN FLAG.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

COME, stand beneath the Green, boys!  
Our ancient Irish green,  
That would not fade:  
The truest shade  
The earth has ever seen!  
At Mother Erin's call, boys,  
Dear Mother Erin's call,  
Come, let us stand  
With sword in hand  
Beside her, one and all.

Fill up those ranks anew, boys,  
Those shattered ranks anew,  
For artful knaves,  
And sordid slaves  
Have left them but a few.  
But Erin dear has still, boys,  
Our Erin dear has still

A gallant host  
From coast to coast,  
On valley, plain, and hill.

Yes! and beyond them, too, boys,  
And far beyond them, too,  
Her pure blood runs  
In loving sons  
Prepared her work to do!  
And now, from pole to pole, boys,  
From further pole to pole,  
Some subtle wire  
Conveys the fire  
That kindles in her soul!

We'll bid that flame arise, boys,  
That sacred flame arise;  
The time is near,  
The signs are clear,  
On earth and in the skies!  
Whate'er our fate may be, boys,  
Whate'er our fate may be,  
We'll act our parts,  
We'll nerve our hearts,  
And die, or set her free!

Then stand beneath the Green, boys,  
Arrayed beneath the Green!  
No flag unfurled  
Through all the world  
Is loved as that has been.  
'Twas borne through the past, boys,  
The wild, the stormy past;  
For every thread  
A hero bled —  
'Twill triumph at the last.

## THE REBEL GIRLS OF CORK. ' .

BY SHAMUS.

COME, want you then a toast, my boys?  
I'll give you one, I ween, —  
Suppose we toast the Irish girls,  
Who wear the *rebel green*;  
Who wear the *rebel green*, my boys,  
In spite of "Fashion's" frown.  
Then let us toast our proudest boast —  
The girls of "Cork's own town."

CHORUS.

The girls of "Cork's own town," boys,  
The girls of "Cork's own town,"  
Then let us toast our proudest boast —  
The girls of "Cork's own town."

Who'd woo a maid to love him, were  
He *rebel* to the *laws*?  
Who'd win a maid to work, and aid,  
Or suffer for the *cause*?  
Then let him search the universe,  
From Dublin to New York,  
And, mark my word! he'll find her  
'Mongst the girls of "Rebel Cork."

CHORUS.

The girls of "Rebel Cork," boys,  
The rebel girls of Cork,  
I'd risk my life, to make my wife,  
A rebel girl from Cork.

God bless them! at the "Rising"  
They were stirring to and fro,  
And many a footsore outlaw  
Did they shelter from the snow.  
For when the *flying* columns, quick,  
To crush a *few* came down,  
We still were cheered and aided by  
The girls of "Cork's own town."

CHORUS.

The girls of "Cork's own town," boys,  
The girls of "Cork's own town;"  
With willing hearts they did their parts,  
The girls of "Cork's own town."

The girls of Dublin city, boys,  
Are true, and good, and fair,  
And glad would be the "*boys*" to see  
A marching thro' Kildare.  
But, for the bravest Irish girls,  
To pray, to wait, or *work*,  
Give me the ones who aid us  
Like the rebel girls of Cork.

CHORUS.

The rebel girls of Cork, boys,  
The rebel girls of Cork;  
Oh! won't we stand for Ireland, and  
The rebel girls of Cork.

What care we for a foeman's sneer —  
A red rag, or a Queen?  
We bow *but* to a God on high!  
And Ireland's *rebel green*.

## 72 *We've a Thousand Gen. Corcorans.*

And we will plant on ev'ry hill  
From Derryveagh to Tore,  
A *rebel* banner woven by  
The rebel girls of Cork.

### CHORUS.

The rebel girls of Cork, boys,  
The rebel girls of Cork;  
We'll always toast our proudest boast —  
The rebel girls of Cork.

---

## WE'VE A THOUSAND GEN. CORCORANS TO LEAD US IN THE STRIFE.

AIR:—"The Wearing of the Green."

OH! England, in her lofty pride in boasting  
often raves,  
As once before, she boasted that "Britannia  
ruled the waves,"  
But there was a young republic — America by  
name,  
Who on the mighty ocean, soon this boasting  
chap did tame;  
For there, in each encounter, the Eagle took  
the prize,  
And flogged the Lion o'er and o'er, which  
filled him with surprise.  
Then cease your silly bragging, for your pres-  
tige has decayed,  
And of oppressed Old Ireland you daily are  
afraid.

For, know, the Sons of Ireland mean war  
unto the knife,  
We've a thousand General Corcorans to  
lead us in the strife,

That noble son of Ireland, he scorned the ty-  
rant's rule,  
For never a true Irishman, would stoop to be  
a tool;  
He left his native country, and battled for the  
right,  
And like a gallant Irishman, he perished in the  
fight.

A tear unto his memory, dear Erin's noble son,  
We'll raise a monument to him, when freedom  
has been won;

Then here's to General Corcoran, the bravest  
of the brave,  
Who shed his blood, and gave his life, a coun-  
try for to save.

He's sleeping in a soldier's grave — a sword no  
more he'll wield,  
But we've a thousand more like him, to lead us  
in the field.

For, know, the sons of Ireland, mean war  
unto the knife,  
We've a thousand General Corcorans to  
lead us in the strife.

---

### KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping  
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Cole-  
raine;

When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher  
down tumbled,

And all the sweet buttermilk watered the  
plain.

Oh! what shall I do now? 'Twas looking at  
you now;

Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet  
again,

'Twas the pride of my dairy, O, Barney  
McCleary,

You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
That such a misfortune should give her such  
pain;

A kiss then I gave her, and ere I did leave her,  
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it  
again.

'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,

Misfortunes will never come single 'tis plain;  
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,  
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine!

---

### THIGGIN THU?\*

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

OH, Freedom is a glorious thing;  
Even so our glorious rulers say,

\* An Irish phrase, meaning, "Do you understand?"

And what they say, sure I may sing,  
In quite a legal proper way.  
They praise it up with all their might,  
And praise the men who seek it, too,  
Provided all the row and fight  
Are out in Poland: *Thiggin thu?*

And here is what my song shall be —  
Success to all the bold and brave,  
Who war for rightful liberty;  
Who will not have their land a slave.  
Success to all who rise to strike  
Down to the dust the tyrant crew,  
With sword and musket, scythe and pike,  
That is — in Poland: *Thiggin thu?*

The men whose spirit never yields —  
Whose faithful hearts will not resign  
Their memoried valleys, hills, and fields,  
And give the place to Russian swine:  
Who, scattered over all the earth,  
Hold to one purpose firm and true,  
To free the land that gave them birth,  
Their own dear Poland: *Thiggin thu?*

Oh, may I see from tower and town,  
Before the flash of patriots' steel,  
The foreign flag go tumbling down,  
The foreign squadrons backward reel;  
And lifted to its rightful place,  
High into Heaven's dazzling blue,  
The banner of the brave old race —  
But all in Poland: *Thiggin thu?*

And when the bloody strife is o'er,  
And rest succeeds to glorious toil,



May peace be theirs for evermore  
Who'll have and hold their native soil.  
The world will bless and praise their name,  
But men of Ireland, what say you?  
Would you be proud to do the same —  
I mean in Poland: *Thiggin thu?*

---

## OUR OWN GREEN ISLE.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

COME, chime a song with me, for our own  
green isle,  
For bright and fair to see is our own green  
isle;  
And down from times of old,  
As the ages on have rolled,  
There were true hearts, brave and bold, in our  
own green isle.

To many lands, a light was our own green isle,  
For learning's lamp shone bright in our own  
green isle,  
And filled with godlike powers,  
Saint and sage went from the bowers,  
And the abbeys and the towers of our own  
green isle.

And when despoiling foes sought our own  
green isle,  
Our fathers brave arose in our own green isle,  
On valley, hill, and plain  
Fought and bled, and fought again,

For they'd brook no foreign chain in our own  
green isle.

And when unholy might, in our own green isle,  
Trampled justice, truth, and right in our own  
green isle,

Still quick to do and dare  
Were the gallant sons she bare,  
For they never knew despair in our own  
green isle.

Then let us all be true to our own green isle,  
Bear our parts as men should do, for our own  
green isle,

And ours the bliss shall be  
In the coming years to see  
Peace and joy and liberty in our own green isle.

---

**FORM, BOYS, FORM.**

BY ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

*Song of the Rebels of 1798, or any other date.*

AIR:—"The White Cockade."

OH, who would live as crouching slaves,  
When they might sleep in freemen's graves,  
Oh, who to alien yoke would bend,  
When battles' shock, that yoke might end?  
Come, form, boys, form! 'twere better rest  
In mother Erin's sheltering breast;  
Than live to be like serfs, oppress'd  
With countless wrongs all unredressed.

Too long we've wept — our sighs and tears  
But met with laughter, scoffs, and jeers;  
Our prayers were spurned, and tyrant lords  
Forbade our hopes, and banned our cause.

But form, boys, form! we'll crouch no more,  
Our servile sleep, thank God! is o'er,  
And soldiers now in freedom's corps,  
We stand to guard our native shore!

Though cowards still in slavery whine,  
And traitors 'gainst the right combine;  
And hell scarce heat enough contains  
To punish those who'd break our chains.

Still form, boys, form! not earth nor hell  
With all its demons, foul and fell,  
Our burning hopes and hearts can quell,  
Or keep us bound in thralldom's spell.

The sabre's law alone we teach,  
The bayonet's creed alone we preach,  
For there's a logic in cold steel  
That bigot foes can ever feel.

So form, boys, form! in freedom's ranks,  
From Antrim's cliffs to Shannon's banks,  
And guerdoned by a nation's thanks,  
Stand forth like men in firm phalanx.

Come one, come all, our Saxon foe  
In crushing us no clan doth know,  
All, all, alike, have known his frown,  
All, all, alike, must strike him down!

So form, boys, form! from cliff and crag  
Fling forth once more the old Green Flag,  
And down to earth forever drag  
The hated tyrant's crimson rag.

Then form, boys, form ! in bold brigade,  
With rifle bright and glinting blade ;  
Whilst one remains the sword to wield  
To alien rule we'll never yield !  
Quick ! form, boys, form ! this hour, this day,  
Defeat attends upon delay,  
A single moment's faltering may  
Decide the bloodiest battle fray !

---

THE LOST PATH.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR:—"Gra ma chree."

SWEET thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,  
All comfort else has flown ;  
For every hope was false to me,  
And here I am, alone.  
What thoughts were mine in early youth !  
Like some old Irish song,  
Brimful of love, and life, and truth,  
My spirit gush'd along.

I hoped to right my native isle,  
I hoped a soldier's fame,  
I hoped to rest in woman's smile,  
And win a minstrel's name.  
Oh ! little have I served my land,  
No laurels press my brow,  
I have no woman's heart or hand,  
Nor minstrel honors now.

But fancy has a magic power,  
It brings me wreath and crown,

And woman's love, the self-same hour  
It smites oppression down.  
Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,  
I have no joy beside;  
Oh! throng around, and be to me,  
Power, country, fame, and bride.

---

## RECRUITING SONG OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

BY MAURICE O'CONNELL, M. P.

AIR:— "The White Cockade."

Is there a youthful gallant here  
On fire for fame — unknowing fear —  
Who in the charge's mad career  
On Erin's foes would flesh his spear?

### CHORUS.

Come, let him wear the white Cockade,  
And learn the soldier's glorious trade,  
'Tis of such stuff a hero's made,  
Then let him join the Bold Brigade.

Who scorns to own a Saxon Lord,  
And toil to swell a stranger's hoard?  
Who for rude blow or gibing word  
Would answer with the Freeman's sword?  
(Chorus Repeated.)

Does Erin's foully slandered name  
Suffuse thy cheek with generous shame —  
Wouldst right her wrongs — restore her fame?

Come, then, the soldier's weapon claim —  
(Chorus Repeated.)

Come, free from bonds your father's faith,  
Redeem its shrines from scorn and scathe,  
The Hero's fame, the Martyr's wreath,  
Will gild your life or crown your death.  
(Chorus Repeated.)

To drain the cup — with girls to toy,  
The serf's vile soul with bliss may cloy;  
But wouldst thou taste a manly joy? —  
Oh! it was ours at Fontenoy!  
(Chorus Repeated.)

To many a fight thy fathers led,  
Full many a Saxon's life-blood shed;  
From thee, as yet, no foe has fled —  
Thou wilt not shame the glorious dead?  
(Chorus Repeated.)

Oh! come — for slavery, want, and shame,  
We offer vengeance, freedom, fame,  
With Monarchs, comrade rank to claim,  
And, nobler still, the Patriot's name.

CHORUS.

Oh! come and wear the White Cockade,  
And learn the soldier's glorious trade;  
'Tis of such stuff a hero's made —  
Then come and join the Bold Brigade.

## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?  
Who blushes at the name?  
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,  
Who hangs his head for shame?  
He's all a knave, or half a slave,  
Who slights his country thus;  
But a *true* man, like you, man,  
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
The faithful and the few —  
Some lie far off beyond the wave —  
Some sleep in Ireland, too;  
All — all are gone — but still lives on  
The fame of those who died —  
All true men, like you, men,  
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
Their weary hearts have laid,  
And by the stranger's heedless hands  
Their lonely graves were made;  
But, though their clay be far away  
Beyond the Atlantic foam —  
In true men, like you, men,  
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;  
Among their own they rest;  
And the same land that gave them birth  
Has caught them to her breast;  
And we will pray that from their clay

Full many a race may start  
Of true men, like you, men,  
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days  
To right their native land;  
They kindled here a living blaze  
That nothing shall withstand.  
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—  
*They* fell and passed away;  
But true men, like you, men,  
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory — may it be  
For us a guiding light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty,  
And teach us to unite.  
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
Though sad as theirs, your fate;  
And true men, be you, men,  
Like those of Ninety-Eight.

---

## WATCH AND WAIT.

BY C. G. DUFFY.

AIR:— "Tow, row, row."

SADLY as a muffled drum,  
Tolled the hours of long probation;  
Let them toll, the stable soul  
Can work and wait to build a nation.  
Curse or groan,  
Never more shall own



But our stifled hearts are patient  
As a stone.

Yes, as patient as a stone,  
Till we're struck in hate or ire ;  
Then the dint will fall on flint,  
And send them back a stream of fire !  
Wait, boys, wait,  
Ready for your fate,  
Prompt as powder to the linstock  
Soon or late !

Let us gather love and help,  
Won from native friends and foemen,  
How little loath the hearts of both,  
We read in many a glorious omen.  
No, boys, no ;  
Let no word or blow  
Brand a native Irish brother  
As our foe.

Holy Freedom's pealing voice  
Willing slaves hath never woken ;  
Ireland's trance was ignorance,  
And KNOWLEDGE all her spells hath broken ;  
Hell and night  
Vanish from her sight,  
As when God pronounced aforetime,  
Be there light !

Cherish well this sacred flame,  
Feed its lamp with care and patience,  
From God it came, its destined aim,  
To burst the fetters off the nations.  
Now, boys, now,  
Why should we bow,

When the promised day is dawning,  
And that's *now*.

Brothers, if this day should set,  
Another yet must crown our freedom;  
*That* will come, with roll of drum,  
And trampling files with MEN to lead them.  
Who can save  
Renegade or slave,  
Fortune only twines her garlands  
For the brave!

---

## THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR:— "Nora Creina."

LET Britain boast her British hosts,  
About them all, right little care we;  
Not British seas nor British coasts  
Can match the Man of Tipperary!

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,  
His spirit light as any fairy —  
His wrath is fearful as the storm  
That sweeps the Hills of Tipperary!

Lead him to fight for native land,  
His is no courage cold and wary;  
The troops live not on earth would stand  
The headlong Charge of Tipperary!

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,

Or dancing with his dark-hair'd Mary,  
You'd swear they knew no other mood  
But Mirth and Love in Tipperary!

You're free to share his scanty meal,  
His plighted word he'll never vary —  
In vain they tried with gold and steel  
To shake the Faith of Tipperary!

Soft is his *cuilin's* sunny eye,  
Her mien is mild, her step is airy,  
Her heart is fond, her soul is high —  
Oh! she's the Pride of Tipperary!

Let Britain, too, her banner brag,  
We'll lift the Green more proud and airy;  
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,  
And head the Men of Tipperary!

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,  
About them all, right little care we —  
Give us, to guard our native coasts,  
The matchless Men of Tipperary!

---

## THE OLD CAUSE.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

HERE's to the old green land once more!  
Here's to the dear old cause again!  
Good men have pledged the toast before  
In deeper floods of redder rain.  
Their fight is fought, their duty done,

But fill the flashing wine-cup high!  
We'll bear the grand old banner on  
Some distance yet before we die!  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
Perhaps it may  
Be our blest fortune to behold  
That banner bright  
In Freedom's light,  
Display its Harp of Gold!

Ha! listen friends and comrades brave,  
They thought our nation's soul had flown;  
They laid her in a narrow grave,  
Beneath another heavy stone.  
In vain! we've seen her on the height,  
We've met her in the valley green,  
She whispers to our hearts to-night,  
With harp tones gushing oft between!  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
She wakes the lay,  
That nerved the arm of Brian bold,  
That fanned to fire  
Fitzgerald's ire  
Upon her Harp of Gold.

Aye, let the same old strain arise,  
The land they loved to us remains;  
We have the same soft, cloudy skies,  
The purple hills, the verdant plains.  
We have a dearer cause than theirs,  
For time has brought us down since then  
The added wrongs of many years —  
The flowing blood of other men.  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
God speed the day  
So long expected and foretold,

88      *She is Far from the Land.*

When tones that tell  
Of joy shall swell  
From out that Harp of Gold.

---

**SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.**

**ROBERT EMMET'S BETROTHED.**

**AIR:—"Open the Door."**

**SHE** is far from the land where her young hero  
sleeps,  
And lovers are round her sighing,  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and  
weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native  
plains,  
Every note which he lov'd awaking —  
Ah! little they think, who delight in her  
strains,  
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he  
died,  
They were all that to life had entwin'd him —  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be  
dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams  
rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow;

They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from  
the west,  
From her own lov'd island of sorrow!

---

## THE PATRIOT BRAVE.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

I DRINK to the valiant who combat  
For freedom by mountain or wave,  
And may triumph attend, like a shadow,  
The swords of the patriot brave!  
Oh! never was holier chalice  
Than this at our festivals crown'd  
The heroes of Morven, to pledge it,  
And gods of Valhalla float round.  
Hurrah, for the patriot brave!  
A health to the patriot brave —  
And a curse and a blow be to liberty's foe,  
Whether tyrant, or coward, or knave.

Great spirits who battled in old time  
For the freedom of Athens, descend!  
As low to the shadow of Brian  
In fond hero-worship we bend.  
From those that in far Alpine passes  
Saw Daithi struck down in his mail,  
To the last of our chiefs' galloghlasses,  
The saffron-clad foes of the Pale.  
Let us drink to the patriot brave —  
Hurrah for the patriot brave!  
But a curse and a blow be to liberty's foe,  
And more chains for the satisfied slave.

Oh, Liberty! hearts that adore thee  
Pour out their best blood at thy shrine,  
As freely as gushes before thee  
This purple libation of wine.  
For us, whether destined to triumph,  
Or bleed as Leonidas bled,  
Crushed down by a forest of lances,  
On mountains of foreigner dead,  
May we sleep with the patriot brave!  
God prosper the patriot brave!  
But may battle and woe hurry liberty's foe  
To a bloody and honorless grave!

---

### ROISIN DUBH.

Roisin Dubh, or, Little Black Rose, allegorically means Ireland. The song is a translation.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Oh! my sweet little rose, cease to pine for the  
past,  
For the friends that came eastward shall see  
thee at last;  
They bring blessings and favors the past never  
knew,  
To pour forth in gladness on my Roisin Dubh  
Long, long, with me dearest, thro' strange  
scenes I've gone,  
O'er mountains and broad valleys I still have  
toil'd on;  
O'er the Erne I have sailed as the rough gales  
blew,

While the harp pour'd its music for my Roisin  
Dubh.

Tho' wearied, oh! my fair one! do not slight  
my song,  
For my heart dearly loves thee, and hath loved  
thee long:  
In sadness and in sorrow I shall still be true,  
And cling with wild fondness round my Roisin  
Dubh.

There's no flower that e'er bloomed can my  
rose excel,  
There's no tongue that e'er moved, half my  
love can tell;  
Had I strength, had I skill, the wild world to  
subdue,  
Oh! the queen of that wide world should be  
Roisin Dubh.

Had I power, oh! my loved one, but to plead  
thy right,  
I should speak out in boldness for my heart's  
delight;  
I would tell to all round me how my fondness  
grew,  
And bid them bless the beauty of my Roisin  
Dubh.

The mountains, high and misty, through the  
moors must go;  
The rivers shall run backward, and the lakes  
overflow:  
And the wild waves of old ocean wear a crim-  
son hue,  
Ere the world sees the ruin of my Roisin Dubh.



## THE IRISHMAN.

BY JAMES ORR.

A United Irishman of 1798, and fought at Antrim.

AIR:—"Vive la."

THE savage loves his native shore,  
Though rude the soil and chill the air;  
Then well may Erin's sons adore  
Their isle which nature formed so fair.  
What flood reflects a shore so sweet  
As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann?  
Or who a friend or foe can meet  
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,  
But honesty is still his guide;  
None more repents a deed of harm,  
And none forgives with nobler pride:  
He may be duped, but won't be dared —  
More fit to practise than to plan;  
He dearly earns his poor reward,  
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,  
And guide to where you safe may be;  
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay,  
His cottage holds a jubilee,  
His inmost soul he will unlock,  
And if he may *your* secrets scan,  
Your confidence he scorns to mock,  
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal,  
Whate'er she bids, he dares to do;  
Try him with bribes, — they won't prevail;  
Prove him in fire — you'll find him true.  
He seeks not safety, let his post  
Be where it ought in danger's van;  
And if the field of fame be lost,  
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin! loved land! from age to age,  
Be thou more great, more famed, and free;  
May peace be thine, or, shouldst thou wage  
Defensive war — cheap victory.  
May plenty bloom in every field,  
Which gentle breezes softly fan,  
And cheerful smiles serenely gild  
The home of every Irishman!

---

### THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh! the boys of Kilkenny are brave roving  
blades,  
And if ever they meet with the nice little  
maids,  
They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend  
their money free,  
And of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear  
stream,  
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty  
dame,

94      *National Hymn of Ireland.*

Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much  
the same,  
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in  
cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed  
coal,  
Which through my poor bosom have burnt a  
big hole,  
Her mind like its river, is mild, clear, and  
pure,  
But her heart is more hard than its marble,  
I'm sure.

---

NATIONAL HYMN OF IRELAND.

AIR:— "Marsaillaise Hymn."

O, SONS of Ireland, are ye still dreaming?  
Awake! 'tis your country bids you rise;  
The sword of vengeance now is gleaming  
Your wrongs ascend unto the skies —  
Your wrongs ascend unto the skies,  
Shall tyrant's measures still degrade you,  
A foreign ruler hold your land?  
Still bind you with a brazen band?  
And laugh to see the slaves he's made you?  
Throw off your lethargy,  
Arise, and you'll be free,  
'Tis time! 'tis time, now sound the war-cry,  
Ireland, and Liberty!

For years the ruthless tyrant's dealings,

Has crushed the spirit of your sires,  
And trampling on their finer feelings,  
He has mocked their holiest desires,  
He has mocked their holiest desires,  
Can deeds like these be e'er forgiven?  
The wronger still unpunished be?  
A stain on men who would be free,  
Your sires look down on you from Heaven,  
    Shake off this lethargy,  
    Strike now, and you'll be free,  
'Tis time! 'tis time, now sound the war-cry,  
    Ireland and Liberty.

Hark! Hark! the war-cry now is sounding,  
The foe has taken the alarm;  
With joy each loyal heart is bounding,  
And Ireland's sons spring forth to arm,  
And Ireland's sons spring forth to arm;  
Advance — let none think of retreating,  
But strike until the day is won,  
And tyrant rule's forever done;  
While Peace and Victory are greeting,  
    Shake off this lethargy,  
    Resolve now to be free!  
'Tis time! 'tis time! now sound the war-cry,  
    Ireland and Liberty!

Sons of Ireland, think of each martyred brother  
Reposing in a foreign land,  
The widow and the stricken mother  
Deprived of a protecting hand,  
Deprived of a protecting hand,  
Their blood for vengeance loud is crying,  
And who'll be deaf unto that call?  
Arouse, ye sons of Erin, all;  
Danger and death alike defying,

Shake off this lethargy,  
One blow, and ye'll be free,  
'Tis time! 'tis time! now sound the war-cry,  
Ireland and Liberty!

There's but one alternative before you —  
To strike, or be slaves as of yore.  
Make one more effort, I implore you,  
And hurl the tyrant from your shore;  
And hurl the tyrant from your shore.  
What right has England to enslave you —  
Demand allegiance at your hands,  
And take possession of your lands?  
Pure love of country now must save you,  
Shake off this lethargy,  
Resolve now to be free,  
'Tis time! 'tis time! now sound the war-cry,  
Ireland and Liberty!

Your wrongs have now grown past enduring,  
Arise! and cast your chains away,  
Nor list to promises alluring,  
For Freedom ushers in the day,  
For Freedom ushers in the day.  
Be firm; let Ireland show her power,  
And every man be at his post  
To drive the tyrant's hireling host,  
For now's the day, and now's the hour.  
Shake off this lethargy,  
Strike now, and you'll be free,  
'Tis time! 'tis time! now sound the war-cry,  
Ireland and Liberty!

When peace and liberty are reigning  
Upon our once unhappy land;  
Forever, Freedom then retaining,

United as brothers, heart and hand,  
United as brothers, heart and hand,  
May sweet prosperity then bless us,  
Freed from degrading foreign power  
Our children oft will bless the hour,  
And in their happiness caress us ;  
Then away, dull lethargy ;  
Strike now and you'll be free,  
'Tis time ! 'tis time ! now sound the war-cry  
Ireland and Liberty !

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**OUR DEAR NATIVE ISLAND.**

Written against the Union.

BY E. LYSAGHT.

AIR:— " Robinson Crusoe."

MAY God in whose hand  
Is the lot of each land —  
Who rules over ocean and dry land —  
Inspire our good king  
From his presence to fling  
Ill advisers who'd ruin our Island.  
Don't we feel 'tis our dear native Island ?  
A fertile and fine little Island !  
May Orange and Green  
No longer be seen  
Distain'd with the blood of our Island !

The fair ones we prize  
Declare they despise  
Those who'd make it a slavish and vile land ;  
Be their smiles our reward,

And we'll gallantly guard  
All the rights and delights of our Island —  
For, oh! 'tis a lovely green Island!  
Bright beauties adorn our island!  
At St. Patrick's command,  
Vipers quitted our land —  
But he's wanted again in our Island!

For her interest and pride,  
We oft fought by the side  
Of England, that haughty and high land;  
Nay, we do so again,  
If she'd let us remain  
A free and flourishing Island.  
But she, like a crafty and sly land,  
Dissension excites in our Island,  
And, our feuds to adjust,  
She'd lay in the dust  
All the freedom and strength of our Island.

A few years ago,  
(Though now she says no,)  
We agreed with that surly and shy land,  
That each, as a friend,  
Should the other defend,  
And the crown be the link of each Island!  
'Twas the final state-bond of each Island;  
Independence we swore to each island;  
Are we grown so absurd,  
As to credit her word,  
When she's breaking her oath with our Island?

Let us steadily stand  
By our king and our land,  
And it shan't be a slavish or vile land;  
Nor impotent Pitt

Unpunished commit

An attempt on the rights of our Island  
Each voice should resound through our Island,  
You're my neighbor, but Bull, this is my land;  
Nature's favorite spot,  
And I'd sooner be shot,  
Than surrender the rights of our Island.

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## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

BY GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

AIR:— "Erin go bragh."

GREEN were the fields where my forefathers  
dwelt, O;

Erin, ma vourneen! slan leat go bragh!  
Tho' our farm was small, yet comforts were  
felt, O;

Erin ma vourneen! slan leat go bragh!  
At length came the day when the lease did ex-  
pire,  
And fain would I live where before lived my  
sire;

But ah! well-a-day! I was forced to retire.  
Erin, ma vourneen, slan leat go brah!

Though the laws I obeyed, no protection I  
found, O;

Erin, ma vourneen! slan leat go bragh!  
With what grief I beheld my cot burned to  
the ground, O!

Erin, ma vourneen! slan leat go bragh!



Forc'd from my home; yea from where I was  
born,  
To range the wide world — poor, helpless,  
forlorn;  
I look back with regret — and my heart-strings  
are torn.  
Erin, ma vourneen! slan leat go bragh!

With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,  
Erin ma vourneen, slan leat go bragh!  
To my country attached, and a friend to re-  
form,  
Erin ma vourneen, slan leat go bragh!  
I supported old Ireland — was ready to die  
for it;  
If her foes e'er prevail'd I was well known to  
sigh for it;  
But my faith I preserv'd and am now forced to  
fly for it.  
Erin, ma vourneen! slan leat go bragh!

But hark! I hear sounds, and my heart is  
strong beating,  
Erin, ma vourneen! slan leat go bragh!  
Loud cries for redress, and avaunt on retreat-  
ing,  
Erin, ma vourneen! slan leat go bragh!  
We have numbers, and numbers do constitute  
power;  
Let us will to be free — and we're free from  
that hour:  
Of Hibernia's brave sons, oh! we feel we're  
the flower.  
Victory to you, my darling! Ireland forever!

**GOD BLESS THE GREEN FOREVER.**

BY T. O'D. O'CALLAGHAN.

AIR:—"The Wearing of the Green."

GOD bless the *Green* forever,  
Through the cycle of the years!  
Though dimmed its sheeny splendor is,  
And stained with blood and tears;  
'Tis the banner of dear Ireland—  
The flag our fathers bore,  
When the Roman foe from sireland  
They chased in days of yore.

God bless the *Green* forever!  
When brave Daithi led his men  
To victory 'mid Alpine snows,  
They proudly bore it then;  
And when he sank a corpse before  
The lightning's fiery breath,  
They wrapped him in that banner,  
For he loved it unto death.

And later still, how proud it waved  
On Clontarf's bloody plain,  
When Brian smote the Danish horde,  
And burst the pirate chains;  
And when Malachi, the Valiant, flung  
That banner on the breeze,  
The robber Northmen reeled and fled  
In terror o'er the seas.

Once more how gloriously it streamed  
O'er *Luimneach's* battle-towers,

102     *God Bless the Green Forever.*

When Sarsfield slew the Saxon host,  
And Limerick was ours;  
Ere o'er the main the "Wild Geese" flew,  
Far, far from land and all,  
To turn the scale on foreign fields,  
And curse the Saxon thrall.

Again in days more nigh our own,  
At Fontenoy 'twas spread,  
Where high in Heaven's light it waved  
O'er England's blood-stained *Red*;  
*Dhar dhia!* it was a glorious sight —  
That cursed rag to see  
Sink down before Old Ireland's *Green*,  
And France's *Fleur-de-lis!*

And oh! how thrilling 'twas to hear  
Their cheer ring out amain,  
When rushing on the British ranks,  
O'er trampled heaps of slain;  
All honor to those exiles brave,  
May their memory never die,  
Who bore the *Green* to victory  
That day at Fontenoy.

On many a Southern battle-field  
That old flag streamed in pride,  
And *Green* 'gainst *Green* was borne along  
The "Stars and Stripes" beside;  
And there from North and South alike  
'Mid battle's din and glare,  
Rang "*Erin-slan-tha-gal-go-bragh.*"  
Out on the lurid air.

Hurrah! the *Green* forever!  
Let it echo, let it roll,

Till the clarion call of Freedom  
Ring again from pole to pole,  
And Erin calls her exiles  
From the far lands o'er the main  
To strike once more for native Right —  
To beard the foe again.

God bless the *Green* forever !  
'Tis the flag of Ninety-eight —  
The flag McHugh O'Byrne bore  
To Dublin's Castle-gate ;  
'Tis the banner of the Geraldines —  
Of O'Donnell — of O'Neill —  
Of martyred Emmet, Bourke, and Tone,  
True chieftains of the Gael.

That flag defile ? Oh ! never ;  
Through victory and defeat  
To the honor of that banner old  
Our lives we consecrate.  
The Fenian men have sworn —  
And our vows are not in vain —  
To raise the *Green* full high again  
On mountain, tower and plain.

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GO ! FORGET ME.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

Author of the "Death of Sir John Moore."

AIR:— "Open the Window."

Go ! forget me, why should sorrow  
O'er that brow a shadow fling ?

Go! forget me — and to-morrow  
Brightly smile, and sweetly sing.  
Smile — though I shall not be near thee;  
Sing — though I shall never hear thee,  
May thy soul with pleasure shine,  
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun — thy presence glowing,  
Clothes the meanest things in light;  
And when thou, like him, art going,  
Loveliest objects fade in night.  
All things looked so bright about thee;  
That they nothing seem without thee.  
By that pure and lucid mind  
Earthly things were too refined.

Go! thou vision, wildly gleaming,  
Softly on my soul that fell,  
Go! for me no longer beaming,  
Hope and beauty, fare ye well!  
Go, and all that once delighted  
Take — and leave me all benighted,  
Glory's burning gen'rous swell,  
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

---

### MAIRE DONN ASTOIR.

ANONYMOUS (LEO )

AIR:— "Molly Bawn Asthore."

IN valleys lone I pluck'd the flowers,  
And wove them in her hair.  
And never in the greenwood bowers

Was forest queen as fair.  
She gave a silent glance at me,  
With love-light flowing o'er,  
Oh! well that love's returned to thee,  
My Marie Donn Astoir.

The sloethorn woos the poplar brown,  
Where shine the sunlight hill,  
Its blossoms waft an odor down  
O'er heather slope and rill.  
Her hand is as that blossom white,  
As pure her bosom's core —  
My well of joy, my life's delight,  
My Marie Donn Astoir.

I've strung my harp to many a lay,  
With soothing magic sound;  
I've sung to lords and ladies gay  
Throughout old Ireland's ground;  
But now I find its tones are vain  
The ancient songs to pour,  
Thy name alone that fills the strain,  
My Marie Donn Astoir.

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## DEAR OLD IRELAND.

BY D. J. DOWNING.

FAR from the hills of Innisfail  
We meet in love to-night,  
Some of the scattered CLON NA GAEL.  
With spirits warm and bright.  
Why do we meet? 'tis to repeat

Our vows both night and day  
To dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland —  
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We're not the fortune-favored kind,  
But rugged sons of toil;  
We've got the muscle and the mind,  
That's sprung from Irish soil;  
Our toil being done, and night come on,  
We meet to work and pray,  
For dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland —  
Ireland, boys, hurra!

Some left her shores long years ago,  
Some never saw her hills;  
But for her glory and her woe  
Each faithful bosom thrills.  
We give no cheers, but vow her tears  
Revenge shall wipe away —  
Ah! dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland —  
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We've read of how our fathers fought,  
And how our fathers died;  
How creeds divided, where they ought  
To muster side by side.  
We count the cost what faction lost,  
And cast the fiend away —  
For dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland —  
Ireland, boys, hurra!

Let cowards bend in abject prayer,  
Let tyrants frown and threat;  
Be ours the duty to prepare

With swords and bayonet.  
Let babblers cease to prate of peace,  
God send us war we say,  
For dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland —  
Ireland, boys, hurra!

Our fathers died in olden time  
And left a heritage —  
(And loving Ireland was their crime)—  
Of blood, and hate, and rage;  
And by the Cross, there's been no loss,  
We hate as strong as they;  
For dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland —  
Ireland, boys, hurra!

Once more upon the "felon's track,"  
Red with our father's blood;  
And woe unto the men that slack  
Our spirit's burning flood.  
The Green above! revenge and love!  
Forward and march away —  
For dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland —  
Ireland, boys, hurra!

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## THE MURDER OF AILEEN HIGGINS.

*An Irish Street Ballad.*

BY CLOSH-AN-CUINNE.

AIR:— "The Wearing of the Green."

OH! friends and neighbors, did you read of  
that foul murder done



108    *The Murder of Aileen Higgins.*

On English ground? — no blacker deed e'er  
witnessed Mary's Son.

The victim was an Irish child, of gentle heart  
and mien,

Whose parents long had been exiled through  
loving of the "Green."

Through loving of the "Green,"

Through loving of the "Green,"

Like thousands more, they left our shore

Through loving of the "Green."

'Twas on one Sunday evening fair, all in the  
month of June,

Four Irish children, free from care, played  
'neath the summer moon;

Their hearts were light, their eyes were bright,  
their cheeks like *lusmore's* sheen;

And o'er their necks of glancing white, hung  
ribbons of "the Green."

Hung ribbons of the "Green,"

Our country's native "Green,"

For you, "*mo stor*" your children wore

Their darling "Irish Green."

At sight of Erin's color, rose the Saxon's sav-  
age brood,

And soon beneath their cruel blows, *Her* blood  
the stones imbued;

Her sister led her home to die — her mother's  
breasts between,

But God's good angels bore on high this  
"Martyr for the Green,"

This "Martyr for the Green,"

This "Martyr for the Green,"

His *curse upon the land where died*

*This "Martyr for the Green."*

Oh! Irish parents, think upon the mother's  
    wailing wild,  
And on the father's stifled sobs above his murdered child;  
Was not *their* child as dear to them as *hers* to  
    England's Queen?  
Yet she has let the murderers clear — through  
    hatred of the "Green,"  
Through hatred of the "Green" —  
    *She never loved the "Green."*  
Christ speed the hour, when, spite her power,  
    We *all* shall mount the "Green."

The soul of this pure Irish maid has winged  
    its flight to God;  
Although her snow-white limbs are laid beneath the murderer's sod.  
She sleeps to-day in English clay, where lie  
    the THREE serene,  
But all will pray "God speed the day for raising  
    of the 'Green.'"  
For raising of the "Green,"  
For raising of the "Green,"  
Our Martyrs pray — "God speed the day  
    For raising of the 'Green.'"

And you brave hearts of Clanna Gael, who  
    from the Western strand  
Gaze wistfully towards Innisfail, your own beloved land;  
Who trust that soon on Erin's hills your banners will be seen,  
When you'll avenge her thousand ills like soldiers of the "Green,"  
    Like soldiers of the "Green."

True soldiers of the "Green,"  
 Oh! good St. Bride, speed o'er the tide  
 The soldiers of the "Green."

When o'er your ranks the "Green's" displayed,  
 oh! never, boys, forget  
 The fate of that young Irish maid — *the pattern*  
*that she set.*  
 She fell (may bards her praises sing), the high  
 souled young *cailin*,  
 Because she'd to her colors cling — she'd NOT  
 "take down the "Green."  
 She'd not take down the "Green."  
 She'd *ne'er* take down the "Green,"  
 SHE'D NEVER STRIKE HER COUNTRY'S FLAG,  
 She died to save the "Green."

---

## THE VOW OF TIPPERARY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR:— "The Men of Tipperary."

FROM Carrick streets to Shannon shore,  
 From Slievenamon to Ballindeary,  
 From Longford Pass to Gaillte Mor,  
 Come hear The Vow of Tipperary.

Too long we fought for Britain's cause,  
 And of our blood were never chary;  
 She paid us back with tyrant laws,  
 And thinned the homes of Tipperary.

Too long with rash and single arm,  
The peasant strove to guard his eyrie,  
Till Irish blood bedewed each farm,  
And Ireland wept for Tipperary.

But never more we'll lift a hand —  
We swear by God and Virgin Mary!  
Except in war for Native Land,  
And *that's* The Vow of Tipperary!

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## THE BATTLE EVE OF THE BRIGADE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR:—"Contented I am."

THE mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,  
And the gallant Count Thomand is president  
yet;  
The vet'ran arose, like an uplifted lance,  
Crying—"Comrades, a health to the monarch  
of France!"  
With bumpers and cheers they have done as  
he bade,  
For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade.

"A health to King James," and they bent as  
they quaffed,  
"Here's to George the *Elector*," and fiercely  
they laughed;  
"Good luck to the girls we woo'd long ago,  
Where Shannon, and Barrow, and Blackwater  
flow;"

## 112     *Go Where Glory Waits Thee.*

“God prosper Old Ireland,” you’d think them  
      afraid,  
So pale grew the chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

“But surely that light cannot come from our  
      lamp?

And that noise — are they *all* getting drunk in  
      the camp?”

“Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come,  
And the *generale’s* beating on many a drum.”  
So they rush from the revel to join the parade;  
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.

They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery and  
      true,

And, though victors, they left on the field not  
      a few;

And they who survived, fought and drank as  
      of yore,

But the land of their heart’s hope they never  
      saw more,

For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Bel-  
      grade,

Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

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## GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

AIR:—“The Maid of the Valley.”

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,

Oh! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest,  
To thine ear is sweetest,

Oh! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee,  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,

Oh! then remember me.  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
Oh! thus remember me.

Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its ling'ring roses,  
Once so loved by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her, who made thee love them,  
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,

Oh! then remember me.  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh! still remember me.  
Then should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee;

114      *The Wearing of the Green.*

Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee —  
Oh! then remember me.

---

**THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.**

*(New Version.)*

BY J. C. P.

AIR:—"The Wearing of the Green."

OH! Paddy dear, and did you hear the news  
that's going round,  
They say, the Alabama claims John Bull will  
not pay down;  
The Yankee wears a hostile look, John Bull, a  
dogged mien,  
So we shall have another chance for Wearing  
of the Green.

CHORUS.

Oh! it is a thrilling scene,  
In the flush of battle keen,  
'Mid sabre clash, and bay'net flash  
The raising of the Green.

Of late I marched through Arklow glen, the  
moon was shining bright,  
I saw a thousand Fenians there, rehearsing  
for the fight;  
They marched, and wheeled right solemnly,  
and never yet was seen  
Upon this earth a braver host — they all were  
dressed in Green.

CHORUS.

'Tis the way the Fenians scheme,  
While slaves and cowards dream,  
They plot and strive, their chains to rive,  
And flaunt the flag of Green.

There are Shilmaliers in Wexford still, brave  
men in Castlebar,  
And Limerick and Tipperary are preparing for  
the war;  
So get your firelocks ready, boys, such sport  
was never seen,  
The North and South, the East and West ad-  
vancing for the Green.

CHORUS.

No more a Saxon Queen  
Shall rule o'er us supreme,  
The people's voice, the people's choice,  
Will now support the Green.

Our brothers in America, will aid the gallant  
work,  
From Florida to Maine, from San Francisco  
to New York;  
Then, Paddy dear, prepare to strike, the day's  
not far I ween,  
When the British ensign shall give place to our  
immortal Green.

CHORUS.

The Shamrock will be seen,  
In each Irishman's Cawbeen,  
The Celtic race will live in peace,  
Forever on the Green.



**EIRINN'S FENIAN GIRLS.**

An Irish American Song, first published in Washington, District of Columbia.

AIR:—"Irish Molly O."

It cheers an Irish exile's heart  
Above all other joys,  
To act an unpretending part  
With comrade Fenian Boys;  
And as we prize that sister link,  
Of lovely, living pearls,  
Right gallantly we rise to drink  
Green Eirinn's Fenian Girls!

Though thoughtless flirts and dainty dames  
Of Irish birth or blood  
Look coldly on the hopes and aims  
Of our dear sisterhood;  
We'll have their sympathy to cheer  
The "wild geese" through all perils —  
Still you are doubly near and dear,  
Green Eirinn's Fenian Girls!

Our Celtic mothers hurled the stones  
From Limerick's granite walls,  
And changed the wassail shouts to moans  
In Norman robber halls!  
They scorned to wed their father's foes,  
Or smile on *shoneen*\* earls;  
And such is still the faith of those  
Green Eirinn's Fenian Girls.

\*A Celtic word of ridicule, meaning "upstart."

Our last great struggle for the cause,  
In glorious Ninety-eight,  
Had woman's tearful, sweet applause,  
The pikes to stimulate;  
And *grissets* glowed, and bullets grew  
As fast as flax-wheel whirls;  
The work you're longing for to do  
Green Eirinn's Fenian Girls!

With hopeful hearts we pledge once more  
Our patriot sister guests!  
We drew our love of Gælic lore  
From Irish mother's breasts.  
Then, comrades, let us proudly toast  
These priceless, Celtic pearls —  
Real Shamrock buds, the exile's toast,  
Green Eirinn's Fenian Girls!

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## OUR TOASTS.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

LAST night three genial friends with me  
Talked of the times, and soon we thought  
To try the question out if we  
Could do as England says we ought,  
Said one "Let's toast that mighty land,  
And drink 'confusion to her foes'!" —  
We poured the wine, and, glass in hand,  
Unto our feet at once we rose:  
"Success" — but no!  
Our hearts beat slow,  
The words stuck in our throats the while;

Then loud we laughed,  
And ere we quaffed,  
Our toast was this — “Our own green isle!”

“That time we failed,” another said,  
“But let us try the task once more,  
And toast the foreign arms that shed  
Our father’s blood from shore to shore.  
The knaves who seized their fair domains  
More oft by fraud than warlike toil;  
The clowns who wrecked our ancient fanes,  
And fattened on the sacred spoil.”  
We rose — but no!  
Words would not flow —  
Then grasped we each another’s hand,  
And with a shout our toast rang out,  
“The heroes of our native land!”

Then spoke a third — “Let’s pass them by,  
Those gloomy years, forever flown,  
And see what winning ways may lie  
In later times, or in our own.  
Come, let us toast the thousand ills  
That waste our country’s life away,  
And praise and bless the hand that fills  
This isle with grief and woe to-day.”  
We rose — but no!  
With cheeks aglow,  
Our heart’s blood pulsing fast and free,  
We raised each draught,  
And when we quaffed,  
Our toast was “Ireland’s liberty.”

Then of the group one other spoke,  
And said, “Good friends, I hold it plain,

God never made for bond or yoke  
This race so long assailed in vain.  
The free bold spirit that He gave  
To cheer their hearts, no foe can kill;  
The hope He set to guide and save  
Our people true, is living still."  
We rose — and oh!  
With cheeks aglow,  
And joyful tears on every face,  
With cheer and shout  
Our toast rang out —  
"The future of the Irish race!"

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## THE GREEN FLAG.

A. D. 1647.

BY M. J. BARRY.

Boys, fill your glasses,  
Each hour that passes  
Steals, it may be on our last night's cheer.  
The day soon shall come, boys,  
With fife and drum, boys,  
Breaking shrilly on the soldier's ear.  
Drink the faithful hearts that love us —  
'Mid to-morrow's thickest fight,  
While our green flag floats above us,  
Think, boys, 'tis for them we smite.  
Down with each mean flag,  
None but the green flag  
Shall in triumph be above us seen:  
Oh! think on its glory,

Charge for Eire and her Flag of Green!  
Long shrined in story,

Think on old Brian,  
War's mighty lion,  
'Neath that banner 'twas he smote the Dane.  
The Northman and Saxon  
Oft turned their backs on  
Those who bore it o'er each crimson'd plain.  
Beal-an-atha-Buidhe beheld it  
Bagenal's fiery onset curb;  
Scotch Munroe would fain have fell'd it,  
We, boys, followed him from red Beinburb.  
Down with each mean flag,  
None but the green flag  
Shall above us be in triumph seen:  
Oh! think of its glory,  
Long shrined in story,  
Charge with Eoghan for our Flag of Green!

And if at eve, boys,  
Comrades shall grieve, boys,  
O'er our corses, let it be with pride,  
When thinking that each, boys,  
On that red beach, boys,  
Lies the flood-marks of the battle's tide.  
See — the first faint ray of morning  
Gilds the east with yellow light:  
Hark! the bugle notes give warning  
One full bumper to old friends to-night.  
Down with each mean flag,  
None but the green flag  
Shall above us be in triumph seen:  
Oh! think on its glory,  
Long shrined in story,  
Fall or conquer for our flag of Green!

**THE FENIAN MEN.**

ANONYMOUS.

An Irish-American song, first published in the  
"BOSTON PILOT" newspaper.

SEE who comes over the red-blossomed heath-  
er,

    Their green banners kissing the pure moun-  
    tain air,

Heads erect; eyes to front, stepping proudly  
together,

    Sure Freedom sits thron'd on each proud  
    spirit there.

    Down the hills twining,

    Their blessed steel shining,

Like rivers of beauty they flow from each glen,

    From mountain and valley,

    'Tis Liberty's rally —

Out, and make way for the Fenian men!

Our prayers and our tears have been scoffed  
and derided,

    They've shut out God's sunlight from spirit  
    and mind,

Our foes were united, and we were divided,

    We met, and they scattered us all to the  
    wind.

    But once more returning,

    Within our veins burning,

The fires that illumined dark Aherlow glen;

    We raise the old cry anew,

    Slogan of Con and Hugh —

Out, and make way for the Fenian men!

We've men from the Nore, from the Suir, and  
the Shannon,

Let the tyrants come forth, we'll bring force  
against force—

Our pen is the sword, and our voice is the  
cannon,

Rifle for rifle, and horse against horse.

We've made the false Saxon yield

Many a Red battlefield :

God on our side, we will triumph again ;

Pay them back woe for woe,

Give them back blow for blow—

Out, and make way for the Fenian men !

Side by side for the cause have our forefathers  
battled,

When our hills never echoed the tread of a  
slave,

On many green fields where the leaden hail  
rattled,

Through the red gap of glory they marched  
to their grave.

And those who inherit

Their names and their spirit,

Will march 'neath the banners of liberty then ;

All who love Saxon law,

Native or Sassanach,

Must out, and make way for the Fenian men !

---

## OUR PRIESTS.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

Oh say, young Irish Priests, and you,

Young Levites of the Irish race,  
Say, is this hateful story true;  
They speak it to your very face —  
They say the past is past indeed —  
That now, as in the days of yore,  
You preach, you pray, you teach, you read,  
But care for Ireland's wrongs no more.

And we, who 'midst our sorrows hold  
The ancient hope of Freedom fast,  
Are mocked as dreaming fools, and told  
We're beaten now, we're crushed at last.  
We're asked to quench the glorious light  
That cheered our race whole ages through,  
And henceforth take the wrong as right,  
For you have done it — even you!

Ah, well-a-day if this be so,  
We've fallen, indeed, on gloomy years,  
And Ireland feels the sorest woe  
That ever drew her blood or tears;  
For when the loved old isle was swept  
By shot and sabre, even then  
The cause was safe that close was kept  
Shrined in the hearts of holy men.

What has she done, your Motherland —  
Where is her treason, what her crime?  
How is her cause less fair and grand  
To-day than in the olden time?  
She's poorer, weaker, sadder now —  
And deem you these are hideous stains —  
Or do you hate her pallid brow,  
Or shun her for her rusty chains?

Oh no! the queries do you wrong,



Dear Priests of God, and holy youth;  
I swear your love is pure and strong  
For every cause of right and truth.  
Before you fly from Ireland's side,  
The foe must pluck your hearts away,  
Pour through your veins some other tide,  
And form your flesh of baser clay.

'Tis true, with many a subtle plea  
That might is right, your ears are vexed;  
For robbers strong, on land and sea,  
Can have their friends, and quote their text.  
'Tis true, o'er college, hall, and school,  
A sight will sometimes shock your eyes —  
The emblem of the foreign rule  
Beneath whose shadow Ireland dies.

But oh! your hearts are far aloof  
From every sign of Ireland's thrall —  
Not yours the banner on the roof,  
Not yours the stars upon the wall;  
Your thoughts are with the glorious dead  
Who strove to set your country free;  
Your love is with the men who tread  
The same bold path to Liberty.

Oh! brave young souls, of this be sure,  
Your country loves and trusts you well;  
A band so wise, so mild, so pure,  
Are just the last the foe can quell.  
For some may faint, and some may stray,  
And some may shun the pains, the loss,  
But fearless o'er the rugged way  
Will press the soldiers of the Cross.

Pray, brothers, for the dear old land,

And those who bear the dust and heat;  
Your words shall strengthen heart and hand,  
And be a light unto their feet.  
Pray for her oft; and name in love  
Dear Ireland in your holy Mass,  
And sure as God sits throned above,  
The joy we seek shall come to pass.

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### THE BOYS THAT WEAR THE GREEN.

AIR :— "The Wearing of the Green."

THE cheering news has crossed the seas — it  
fills our souls with joy —  
The croppy boys are in the field repeating  
"Fontenoy."  
With the good old pike and sabre, to the rifle's  
ringing tune,  
They're slashing down the red-coats — "'tis  
the rising of the Moon" —  
The campfires on the hills are lit, the "sun-  
burst" is unfurled,  
And 'gainst the bloodstained pirate rag, their  
bold defiance hurled;  
Right gallantly they meet the foe wherever he  
is seen,  
For Ireland, and for Liberty — the Boys that  
wear the Green.

They're mustering in silence 'mong the wilds  
of Innishowen.  
And the Limerick boys are coming too, a-lilt-  
ing Garryowen;

126    *The Boys that Wear the Green.*

Like the wintry blast careering o'er the heights  
    of Slievenamon,  
The men of Tipperary are madly rushing on.  
From Gorey to Berehaven's shore is heard the  
    wild hurra  
That made the Saxon columns reel in many a  
    bloody fray ;  
Old Tara's hills have caught the shout, and the  
    Galtees too, I ween —  
Then good luck to poor old Ireland and the  
    Boys that wear the Green.

Those rebels to the British rule are "Paddies  
    evermore,"  
And freely on the battle-field their hearts' liba-  
    tions pour.  
Now Johnny Bull may quake with fear, re-  
    venge has come at last  
For his butcheries at Wexford, and the Rath  
    of Mullaghmast.  
They've caught the fire of dauntless Tone, the  
    spirit of Red Hugh,  
And soon our old decrepit foe his countless  
    crimes shall rue.  
Throughout the land in solemn mass the daz-  
    zling sight is seen,  
Old Ireland up for Freedom, with the Boys  
    that wear the Green.

Her dear old voice is heard again, in thunder  
    tones it speaks  
From old Ben Hedar's stormy heights, and  
    Kerry's lofty Reeks ;  
The South is up, the West's awake, and from  
    the glorious North,

As torrents sweep the mountain's side, her  
sons are coming forth —  
Right down upon the English ranks, in serried  
lines they dash;  
While cannon roar, and rifles crack, and pikes  
with bayonets clash,  
Then hurra for human freedom, and our darling  
Ocean Queen,  
And God bless Old Ireland's stalwart sons —  
the Boys that wear the Green.

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**THE OLD RACE.****BY T. D. SULLIVAN.****AIR:—"Garryowen."**

**HURRA** for the brave old Irish Race  
That fire or sword could not efface;  
That lives and thrives and grows apace  
However its foes assail it —  
That point by point, and day by day  
Wins back its rights, and works its way!  
And bursts its bonds — Hurra! Hurra!  
With a hundred cheers we'll hail it!

What did those foes to the old race do?  
They wreck'd their country through and  
through;  
They robbed and stripped, they hacked and  
slew,  
They hanged, and burned, and drown'd them;  
But vainly spent were storm and shock  
On that deathless seed, that living rock —

The isle is filled with the brave old stock,  
And they've worth and wealth around them!

When fire and sword had done their parts,  
Then tried these foes their baser arts,  
By dark degrees to change the hearts  
That never would yield or falter;  
But now, as in the days of old,  
The Irish heart is native gold,  
Cast in the glorious heaven-made mould,  
No power on earth can alter!

And if good work is yet undone,  
If rights remain yet to be won,  
As sure as the rising of the sun,  
'Twill be the same proud story,  
Till ends the strife in Liberty,  
Till stands the race redeemed and free,  
And all the isle from sea to sea  
Is one bright field of glory!

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### THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.

Written in 1797, the year the French fleet arrived  
in Bantry Bay.

OH! the French are on the sea,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
The French are on the sea,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
Oh! the French are in the Bay,  
They'll be here without delay,  
And the Orange will decay,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Oh! the French are in the Bay,  
They'll be here by break of day,  
And the Orange will decay,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
Where will they have their camp?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
On the Currach of Kildare  
The boys, they will be there  
With their pikes in good repair,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

To the Currach of Kildare  
The boys they will repair,  
And Lord Edward will be there,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then what will the yeomen do?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What *will* the yeomen do?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
What *should* the yeomen do,  
But throw off the red and blue,  
And swear that they'll be true  
To the Shan Van Vocht?

What *should* the yeomen do,  
But throw off the red and blue,  
And swear that they'll be true  
To the Shan Van Vocht,

And what color will they wear?

Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What color will they wear?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
What color should be seen  
Where our Father's homes have been,  
But their own immortal Green?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

What color should be seen  
Where our Fathers' homes have been,  
But their own immortal Green?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
Will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
Yes! Ireland SHALL be free  
From the centre to the sea;  
Then hurra for Liberty!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Yes! Ireland SHALL be free,  
From the centre to the sea;  
Then hurra for Liberty!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

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### THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

AIR:— "God save the People."

"WHEN wilt thou save the people?  
Oh, God of mercy, when?"

The people! Lord, the people!

Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
God save the people! thine they are,  
Thy children as Thy angels fair;  
Save them from misrule and despair!  
God save the people!"

" Shall crime bring crime forever,  
Strength aiding still the strong!  
Is it Thy will, oh! Father,  
That man shall toil for wrong?  
No! say Thy mountains, no! Thy skies,  
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,  
And songs be heard instead of sighs,  
God save the people!"

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## THE R. C. C.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

AIR:—"The White Cockade."

OUR country holds good men and true,  
Kind men, just men, and brave men too,  
We'll give them all the merit due,  
But here's to one well known to you —  
The R. C. C. ! The R. C. C. !  
The gentle, faithful R. C. C. !  
No better man on earth than he,  
The Irish patriot R. C. C. !

We all revere the great Arch-B.,  
We much admire the deep D. D.,  
We know the worth of the good P. P.,  
But the man we love is the R. C. C. !



The kindly, friendly R. C. C. !  
The Church's bravest soldier he,  
The hope of Ireland, bond or free,  
The fearless patriot R. C. C. !

His heart is near the people's hearts ;  
He knows their wrongs, he feels their smarts ;  
He sees the tyrant's cruel arts,  
And through his veins each outrage darts.  
Oh ! firm and true as steel is he,  
The calm, courageous R. C. C. !  
The friend of truth and liberty,  
The youthful patriot R. C. C. !

The rich man, deep in sin and gold,  
The great man, pompous, proud, and cold,  
Take care their doors shall seldom fold  
On one so pure, so frank, and bold.  
But, oh, give me the R. C. C. !  
The poor man's love, the R. C. C. !  
Good friends, his health, with three times  
three,  
The Irish patriot R. C. C. !

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### THE COLLEEN BAWN.

AN old man sat all desolate,  
A sire of some seventy years ;  
His cheeks once hale, were now worn and pale,  
His eyes bedimmed with tears.  
His body bent, o'er a grave he leant,  
And cried out, " My Nora's gone,  
And she's left me here, in this world of drear,  
My own little Colleen Bawn."

The birds of song, the groves among,  
Mock his grief with their merry strain;  
And with music sweet, they the old man greet,  
But their songs were all in vain;  
He heeded not their merry note,  
But sadly did he moan,  
"Oh! thou art gone, I still live on,  
My own little Colleen Bawn."

The flowers of May, that summer's day,  
Bloomed over his favorite child,  
And the old man wept as he knelt where she  
slept,  
And thought on her spirit mild;  
For no summer's hour, nor bird, nor flower,  
That e'er bedecked the lawn,  
Could gladden his sight, or his heart make  
light,  
Since he'd lost his Colleen Bawn.

"Ah, Colleen!" he cried, "since thy mother  
died,  
Thou the whole world wert to me;  
And even thy smile could my heart beguile,  
From the depth of its misery;  
Light, light was thy form, thy bosom warm,  
And gladsome as a fawn.  
But thou art dead, I kneel by thy head,  
My own little Colleen Bawn.

"My Colleen dear, I'm kneeling here,  
In the place where thy grave is made;  
Ah! why didst thou die, or why am not I

With thee in thy grave now laid?  
I'm old and worn, and now quite forlorn,  
Then pray for me, darling one,  
That I soon may return, in my coffin borne,  
To join thee, my Colleen Bawn."

The old man sped to his cottage bed,  
And he laid him calmly down;  
And a spirit bright as a form of light,  
To the old man's eyes was shown.  
It brighter grew, and the old man knew  
The days of his grief were done;  
One sigh he gave o'er her early grave,  
And he slept with his Colleen Bawn.

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## THE PETTICOAT.

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

AIK:—"I am a roving doctor."

SINCE the days of Trojan Paris  
When beauteous Helen was the toast,  
O'er lords and mighty monarchs  
The women they have ruled the roast;  
And why should croppies hang behind  
In gallantry such men of note?—  
On Irish ground, in Irish wind  
We spread our flag—a Petticoat!  
For we were croppy heroes  
With pike in hand and flag afloat,  
Who fought and bled for freedom  
Beneath that flag—the Petticoat!

This Petticoat was broidered  
By fingers fair as fair could be,  
And once its folds fell over  
A gleaming ancle gracefully.  
A milk-white foot that stept the glades  
As light as fairies of the moat, —  
Young Nora's, pride of Wexford maids,  
This tyrant-conquering Petticoat!  
And we were croppy heroes  
With pike in hand and flag afloat,  
With stains of blood upon it —  
This flag — the conquering Petticoat!

'Twas on a summer morning  
As we marched down the dewy hill,  
We found our bright-haired Nora  
Upon the way-side stark and still;  
A yeoman's bullet in her breast,  
A sabre wound across her throat —  
'Twas then we made with vengeful zest  
Our banner of her Petticoat!  
For we were croppy heroes  
With pike in hand, and flag afloat,  
Determined to avenge her  
Beneath that flag — the Petticoat!

The blood spots scarce were faded,  
Ere we their crimson did renew;  
Upon the hill of Oulart  
Her murderers, every man, we slew.  
From field to field, from town to town,  
In England's reddest blood we wrote  
The story of that Kirtle Gown,  
The blood-stained, conquering Petticoat!

For we were croppy heroes  
With pike in hand, and flag afloat —  
The terror of our tyrants  
Beneath that flag — the Petticoat!

And if great lords and monarchs  
Are so polite to womankind,  
The world for our devotion  
To Nora's skirts, no fault can find —  
If England's king her life could take,  
Could condescend to cut her throat,\*  
Brave boys, it was no shame to make  
Our banner of her Petticoat!  
For we were croppy heroes  
With pike in hand and flag afloat,  
And bravely we avenged her  
Beneath that flag — the Petticoat!

Then all you roving heroes  
Attend to Theig the croppy's song;  
May God preserve Old Ireland,  
And Fenian rule therein prolong!  
May tyrants there who spoil the land  
All sink in black perdition's boat,  
And may it rise to great command,  
The influence of the Petticoat!  
And we were croppy heroes  
With pike in hand and flag afloat,  
Who taught our blood-stained tyrants  
The Lesson of the Petticoat!

\*The warlike old croppy means that the King cut her throat by deputy, which was all the same to poor Norah. Theig, the croppy's relation will be received, I suppose, only as tradition, but the petticoat banner is mentioned in the histories of the period.

**SQUARE-TOED BOOTS**

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

AIR:— “King O’Toole.”

SAYS Johnny Bull to Larcom, “Oh! tell my  
dear police  
To watch those wicked foreigners who much  
disturb my peace,  
Who come across the ocean on no manifest  
pursuits,  
And who swagger down my thoroughfares in  
square-toed boots.

“Their hats caved in and shapeless, to slight  
the crown are meant,  
Their knickerbocks and gaiters show a des-  
perate intent;  
Their beards look all seditious, from the tips  
unto the roots,  
But there’s mischief beyond measure in their  
square-toed boots.

“When met by sub-inspectors, high sheriffs,  
or J. P.’s,  
There’s something quite defiant in the wag of  
their goatees;  
They never bow submissively; they dream of  
no salutes,  
Save what’s hinted in the action of their  
square-toed boots.

“But now, no more these rovers shall fright  
me and annoy —

I'll treat them to the beauties of Kilmainham  
and Mountjoy ;  
For I've made this resolution, whatever be its  
fruits,  
That my laws shall not be trampled on with  
square-toed boots."

From Larcom to the Royals the word was sent  
around,  
And fast they seized Americans where'er they  
could be found ;  
They dragged them off to prison, and they  
treated them like brutes,  
On a charge of foul conspiracy, and square-  
toed boots.

But now the news has travelled afar across the  
sea,  
Old Uncle Sam has heard it, and a mighty man  
is he ;  
Through all his huge anatomy a thrill of an-  
ger shoots,  
And like thunder comes the stamping of his  
square-toed boots.

And Johnny Bull grows fearful, as surely well  
he may,  
When up that giant rises, and strides across  
his way ;  
For past experience whispers, what no later  
fact refutes,  
That there's terrible propulsion in his square-  
toed boots.

## PADDY'S PROPOSAL.

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

AIR:— "No! Mr. Gallagher."

I HAD a young sweetheart and asked her to  
marry me,  
She frowned that my impudence so far could  
carry me;  
Said, to ask her to marry a poor serf in slav-  
ery  
Was nothing but meanness and all kinds of  
knavery!  
She told me to handle a pike ere she'd list to  
me,  
And vowed if I didn't by that and by this to  
me,  
She'd join for a rebel to vex and to harry me,  
Or remain an old maid, and she never would  
marry me!

Her fingers I squeezed in the big brawny hand  
o' me,  
And went with a captain who took the com-  
mand o' me,  
Off to the hillside to practise the drilling there,  
The pike and the rifle, and all kinds of killing  
there.  
I came back again when I thought he'd perfect-  
ed me,  
She said I returned long before she expected  
me,  
And bade me be off with the devil may carry me,



And till Ireland was free, she never would marry me!

Then I kicked my caubeen for relief to my devilment,  
And thought for a time, what words so uncivil meant —  
“Begor! she has spirits,” said I, “like the Queen o’ hearts,  
And bates to tarnation whate’er I have seen of hearts!”  
I took up my pike, and its handle I kissed again,  
And practised the drill till I half sprained my wrist again,  
And thought with the bayonet no soldier could parry me,  
And the next time I asked her, she surely would marry me!

I took to the hills with our roving and airy boys;  
And ’tis we that manœuvred like gallant Tipperary boys,  
But we had no provisions, no tents for to cover us,  
But the snow, and the rain, and the fogs rolling over us,  
We had a smart skirmish one day as a feeler there,  
To make out the strength of the soldier and Peeler there —  
“Och!” says I when ’twas over, “now nothing need worry me,  
’Tis so easy to kill them, she surely will marry me.”

But the sleet and the rain kept incessantly  
pouring there,  
And the floods rattled down, and the tempest  
was roaring there,  
'Twas these, not the soldiers nor Peelers  
could sunder us,  
For when they stood before us we soon brought  
them under us —  
Now she comes to my cave in the hills where  
I'm hiding here,  
And she gives me such courage, so gay and  
confiding here,  
That I'm sure Fortune's wheel to the topmost  
will carry me,  
That we'll soon free old Ireland and Mary will  
marry me!

---

## BOOKER'S RUN.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

AIR:— "The King of the Cannibal Islands."

OH, list and hear, good friends, from me,  
The news that's just come o'er the sea,  
About the light-legged company  
Led on by Colonel Booker.  
The "Queen's Own Regiment" was their name,  
From fair Toronto town they came,  
To put the Irish all to shame,  
And win themselves immortal fame.  
Tantara, rubadub, oh, hi-ho!  
Drums beat up and bugles blow,  
Off they march to meet the foe,  
The Queen's and Colonel Booker.

Such fury filled each loyal mind,  
No Volunteer would stay behind;  
They flung their red flag to the wind.

“Hurra, my boys,” said Booker,  
“Behold, beyond yon sloping heights,  
Their bayonets flashing in the light;  
Go forth, my heroes, left and right,  
Let none among them live to-night —  
Readily, steadily, oh, hi-ho,  
Sure your aim, and strong your blow,  
No Irish ruck could face, you know,  
The Queen's and Colonel Booker.”

The rifles flashed, the balls came by,  
The Queen's men fell with groan and cry —

“Good Lord, I'd give the world that I  
Were safe at home,” said Booker.  
He spurred for shelter here and there,  
He wheeled and cantered to the rear,  
While every loyal Volunteer  
Was shaking in his boots with fear.  
Quailing, falling, oh, hi-ho,  
Afraid to face the Irish foe,  
Who cheered and laughed to see the show,  
The Queen's and Colonel Booker.

“What sound is that comes o'er the breeze?  
Are those their horsemen midst the trees?  
Down, soldiers, down upon your knees

To meet their charge,” said Booker.  
Then turning quick, he fled the place,  
He wished, he said, to “change his base;”  
His soldiers joined him in the race,  
And all went off at railroad pace;  
Helter-skelter, oh, hi-ho,  
Higgledy, piggedy, there they go,

Swords and guns away they throw,  
The Queen's and Colonel Booker.

Oh, never say the Indian breed  
Bear off the palm for wind and speed;  
What dusky chief could take a lead  
From loyal Colonel Booker?  
Bid him bring out, by day or night,  
His gallant "Queen's" equipped for fight,  
Place Colonel John O'Neill in sight  
Amidst a ridge of bayonets bright —  
Then give the word, and oh, hi-ho,  
See how they'll fly the Irish foe,  
See how they'll ply the heel and toe,  
The Queen's and Colonel Booker.

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**IRELAND, OUR HOME.**

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

**AIR:— "Planxty Creagh."\***

O! **MOURNFUL** isle beyond the sea  
Ireland! our home!  
With bleeding hearts we turn to thee  
Our childhood's home!  
Since that sad day of weeping sore  
We saw thy green and sunny shore  
Sink down beyond the breaker's roar,  
Ireland! our native home!

\* Real name of "When Johnny comes marching home," one of Carolan's Planxties.

O! lovely isle beyond the waves,  
Ireland! our home!  
Where Shamrocks deck our fathers' graves  
Our childhood's home!  
In far, far climes we kneel in prayer  
To him who rules earth, sea and air,  
To end thy bondage and despair  
Ireland! our native home!

O! Sunny Isle of blooming woods,  
Ireland, our home!  
Of silver lakes and falling floods  
Our childhood's home!  
Of golden clouds, of skies serene,  
Of purple hills, and valleys green,  
Thy peer on earth was never seen,  
Ireland! our native home!

O! sacred Isle of saint and sage  
Ireland! our home!  
Of song, and sad historic page  
Our childhood's home!  
Within our hearts the hope is born  
To see the gay triumphant morn  
That ends thy night of grief forlorn,  
Ireland! our native home!

O! genial Isle of friendship rare,  
Ireland! our home!  
Of gallant men and maidens fair,  
Our childhood's home!  
What man could see thy daughters bright,  
Could sun him in their looks of light,  
And fail for them and thee to fight,  
Ireland! our native home!

And we, thy sons, prepare once more,  
                   Ireland! our home!  
 To hurl the tyrant from thy shore,  
                   Our childhood's home!  
 To plant the green and spreading Tree,  
 Upon thy plains, of Liberty,  
 And rise to fame or fall with thee,  
                   Ireland! our native home!

---

**EMMET!**

**AIR:—"The Sword of Bunker Hill."**

**ERECT** he stood before the judge,  
     With firm, unflinching eye,  
 The fatal words had been pronounced —  
     The noble man must die,  
 Tho' doomed to part with all he loved,  
     By cruel Fate's decree:  
 His faith was strong — he still believed  
     That Ireland would be free!  
 His faith was strong — he still believed  
     That Ireland would be free!

Oh! God, why should so brave a man  
     His noble life *thus* yield?  
 A patriot would rather die  
     Upon the battle-field;  
 But cruel judges doom'd the man —  
     Alas! that it should be.  
 Let others emulate him still,  
     And Ireland will be free—  
 Let others emulate him still,  
     And Ireland will be free.

A Martyr's death is not in vain —  
For, though he is no more,  
And millions more be sacrificed  
As millions have before.  
When Irishmen shall rush to arms,  
Their battle-cry will be :  
"Avenge our noble Emmet's death,"  
And Ireland shall be free,  
"Avenge our Martyred Emmet's death,"  
And Ireland shall be free.

When despots rule, and bind the chain  
Upon another's hand,  
And Freedom's made a mockery  
Throughout the doomed land ;  
Then every patriot should unfurl  
The flag of Liberty —  
Inscribe on it brave Emmet's name,  
And fight till Ireland's free.  
Inscribe on it brave Emmet's name,  
And fight till Ireland's free.

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## THE YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

THOUGH young that heart, though free each  
thought,  
Though free and wild each feeling ;  
And though with fire each dream be fraught  
Across those bright eyes stealing —  
That heart is true, those thoughts are bold :  
And bold each feeling sweepeth ;

There lies not there a bosom cold,  
A pulse that faintly sleepeth.

His dreams are idiot-dreams, ye say,  
The dreams of fairy story;  
Those dreams will burn in might one day  
And flood his path with glory!

Thou old dull vassal! fling thy sneer  
Upon that young heart coldly,  
And laugh at deeds *thy* heart may fear,  
Yet *he* will venture boldly.

Ay, fling thy sneer, while dull and slow  
Thy withered blood is creeping;  
That heart will beat, that spirit glow,  
When thy tame pulse is sleeping.

Ay, laugh, when o'er his country's ills  
With manly eye he weepeth;  
Laugh, when his brave heart throbs and thrills,  
And thy cold bosom sleepeth.

Laugh, when he vows in heaven's sight,  
Ne'er to flinch — ne'er to falter;  
To toil and fight for a nation's right,  
And guard old Freedom's altar.

Ay, laugh, when on the fiery wing  
Of hero thought ascending,  
To fame's bold cliff, with eagle spring,  
That young bright mind is tending.

He'll gain that cliff, he'll reach that throne,  
The throne where genius shineth,  
When round and through thy nameless stone,  
The green weed thickly twineth.



**YOUNG AMERICA TO OLD IRELAND —  
GREETING.**

**AIR: — "The Wife's Dream."**

**SHOULD** Ireland raise her standard, Green,  
Resolved to free the land,  
She'll find that young America  
Will lend a helping hand.  
Aye, men and money we will give  
The tyrant to o'erthrow,  
For the deeds of Young America  
The world does surely know.

When threatened by internal foes  
Who clamored at our doors,  
Ireland's gallant sons sprang forth  
By many hundred scores.  
And should we be ungrateful then?  
The thought is quite absurd,  
So men and money shall be sent,  
If Ireland says the word.

America this greeting sends  
To Ireland's distant shore,  
And bids her sons to struggle on  
Till tyrants rule no more.  
For Erin's Isle will yet be free  
If all her sons unite,  
And swiftly strike the deadly blow,  
For right, with them, is might.

Why should ye think of England's wealth  
Or military strength;

For like America of old  
You'll beat your foe at length.  
Rely on young America,  
We'll not forget the past,  
But aid you in the strife, until  
Old Ireland's free at last.

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**CHARMING LITTLE ISLE OF THE SEA.**

**AIR:—“Cruiskeen Lawn.”**

LET the English boast of land,  
And their cities, large and grand,  
With their great folks of nobility;  
We can boast as well as they  
Of our lads and lasses gay,  
And our charming little Isle of the sea, sea, sea,  
Our charming little Isle of the sea.

**CHORUS.**

Then cease your foolish boasting —  
Our lasses we are toasting,  
And our charming little Island of the sea, sea,  
sea,  
Our little Emerald Isle of the Sea.

The land that gave me birth  
Is, to me, the best on earth,  
Though her people no longer are free.  
Though struggling long in vain,  
They their freedom yet will gain,

150    *Charming Little Isle of the Sea.*

In this charming little Isle of the sea, sea, sea,  
In this charming little Isle of the sea.

(Repeat Chorus.)

The day is drawing nigh .

When we'll conquer, or we'll die ;  
But in days yet to come we'll be free,  
We'll all rise in our might.

Then may God protect the right  
Of this charming little Isle of the sea, sea, sea,  
Of this charming little Isle of the sea.

(Repeat Chorus.)

Her daughters they are fair,  
And her sons — none braver are,  
They all know how to value liberty.

They now earnestly demand  
To rule in their native land —  
In their charming little Isle of the sea, sea, sea,  
In their charming little Isle of the sea.

(Repeat Chorus.)

The gleaming sword is bared,  
And each patriot is prepared,  
All vowing that they will be free ;  
Our *Green Flag* overhead

Shall float proudly o'er the *red*,  
In our charming little Isle of the sea, sea, sea,  
In our charming little Isle of the sea.

(Repeat Chorus.)

Then toast our native land  
And her noble patriot band,  
Who vow from English fetters to be free.  
And don't forget our girls,  
As our Emerald Flag unfurls

*Song of the Galloping O'Hogan.* 151

O'er our dear redeemed Isle of the sea, sea, sea,  
O'er our dear redeemed Isle of the sea.

(Repeat Chorus.)

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**SONG OF THE GALLOPING O'HOGAN.\***

**BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.**

**AIR:—** "He thought of the charmer, &c."

**HURRAH!** boys, hurrah! for the sword by my  
side,

The spur and the gallop o'er bogs deep and  
wide;

Hurrah! for the helmet and shining steel jack,  
The sight of the spoil, an' good men at my  
back!

An' we'll sack and burn for King and sireland,  
An' chase the black foe from ould Ireland!

At the wave of my sword start a thousand  
good men,

And we ride like the blast over moorland and  
glen;

Like dead leaves of winter in ruin an' wrath,  
We sweep the cowed Saxon away from our  
path.

An' we'll sack and burn for King and sireland,  
An' chase the black foe from ould Ireland!

The herds of the foe graze at noon by the rills,

\* One of the Rapparee chiefs in the time of King  
James the Second.

We have them at night in our camp 'mid the  
hills;

Their towns lie in peace at eve of the night,  
But they're sacked an' in flames ere the next  
morning light!

An' we'll sack and burn for King and sireland,  
An' chase the black foe from ould Ireland!

And so we go ridin' by night and by day,  
An' fight for our country an' all the rich prey;  
The roar of the battle, sweet music we feel,  
An' the light of our hearts is the flashin' of  
steel!

An' we'll sack and burn for King and sireland,  
An' chase the black foe from ould Ireland!

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## SONG OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN BRI- GADE.

Sung on St. Patrick's Day, 1863.

WE'VE never swerved from our old green flag  
Upborne o'er many a bloody plain;  
'Tis now a torn and tattered rag,  
But we will bear it proudly oft again.  
We'll raise it high, this dear old flag,  
From Liffey's banks to Shannon's stream,  
Till victory o'er the pirate rag  
Upon our sacred cause shall beam.

### CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for our dear old flag,

Hurrah for our gallant leader too ;  
Though 'tis a torn and tattered rag,  
We would not change it for the new.

We've borne it with the Stripes and Stars,  
From Fair Oaks to Frederick's bloody plain ;  
And see, my boys, our wounds and scars  
Can tell how well we did the same.  
But sure, our chieftain, of his race  
Was ever foremost 'mid the brave,  
Where death met heroes face to face,  
And gathered harvests for the grave.  
(Repeat Chorus.)

We miss full many a comrade's smile,  
The grasp of many a friendly hand,  
We mourn their loss, and grieve the while,  
They had not died for fatherland.  
But o'er their fresh and gory graves —  
We swear it now, and evermore —  
To free green Erin, land of slaves,  
And banish tyrants from her shore.  
(Repeat Chorus.)

Now we're pledged to free this land,  
So long the exile's resting-place ;  
To crush for aye a traitorous band,  
And wipe out treason's deep disgrace.  
Then let us pledge Columbia's cause,  
God prosper poor old Ireland too !  
We'll trample on all tyrant laws :  
Hurrah for the old land and the new.  
(Repeat Chorus.)

**THE LEFT EYE.\*****BY T. D. SULLIVAN.**

**FORTH** went the royal mandate to all the British  
lands,  
Saying, "His shall be One Thousand Pounds  
who brings unto our hands  
A wicked Irish rebel, five feet, seven inches  
high.  
Light haired, and fresh complexioned, who  
winks with his left eye."

Policemen and detectives, some soldiers too,  
I'm told,  
And many a hungry Orangeman, looked out to  
clutch the gold;  
And while they walked, or drank, or talked,  
kept watching on the sly  
For the wicked Irish rebel who winks with his  
left eye.

A sentry at Cork Barracks heard a thunder at  
the gate,  
At first he moved to open it, then thought it  
better wait;

"A habit of closing his left eye when speaking" was noted in the description of James Stephens published by the government after his escape from Richmond Prison. The incidents mentioned in the foregoing ballad were narrated in one of the Cork papers.

He stepped into a loophole, and took a quiet spy,  
And saw outside a fresh broad face, that  
winked with its left eye!

He flung the wicket open, and through the  
space there came  
With heavy tread, what seemed to be a portly  
Dutchbuilt dame;  
She bore a pair of milk-cans, but whene'er  
she made reply  
To the questions of the sentry, she winked  
with her left eye!

He locked her in the guard-room, and shouted  
out aloud,  
Till he gathered half the garrison around him  
in a crowd;  
“All right!” he cried, “I have him fast; he’s  
five feet seven high,  
Light haired, fresh complexioned, and he  
winks with his left eye!”

“Hau!” said a British officer, “unbar the  
door, till we  
Shall look upon the prisoner, and judge if it  
be he.”  
They brought her out, she gazed about, began  
to scream and cry —  
Still, when she raised her streaming face, she  
winked with her left eye!

Then spoke the British officer, while squint-  
ing through his glass,



156      *The Emigrant's Invitation.*

Saying, " Snooks, I think 'tis just as well to  
let this person pass.  
But tell us, madam, e'er you go, what is the  
reason why,  
Whene'er you look one in the face, you wink  
with your left eye? "

She said, " Your honor's glory, sure I'll tell  
you, as I'm bid :  
That eye is sore this month and more, and  
here upon the lid,  
Last week there grew — dear knows 'tis true —  
a bitter, ugly styne,  
And, your honor, that's the reason why I wink  
with my left eye."

**MORAL.**

Now, all you loyal subjects who love the Brit-  
ish Crown,  
Take warning by this milkwoman that lives in  
Cork's own town;  
If you are wise, whene'er your eyes are open,  
day or night,  
Keep staring through your left, and do your  
winking with the right.

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**THE EMIGRANT'S INVITATION.**

An Irish Ballad composed by T. Blewitt.

OH, come to the new world, my Shelah,  
Where want is a thing never known;

Where all who will work may be earning,  
And all that they earn be their own.  
I wish that a rail they'd be making  
To bring you across the green say; —  
You'd bid your adieu to the old world,  
And be in the new in a day.  
That's aisy to talk of, but is not yet thought of,  
Still you promis'd we never should part;  
For Shelah, my beauty, 'tis surely your duty  
To follow the boy of your heart,  
To follow the boy of your heart,  
To follow the boy of your heart,  
To follow the boy of your heart.  
To follow the boy of your heart.

Are ye fearing the long journey, Shelah?  
It will not be long, as ye'll prove,  
If ye'll think on the joy that ye'll bring me,  
And measure the distance by love. /  
There's a charm in those far distant places  
That bothers the mem'ry I'm tould;  
And, seeing so many new faces,  
It's aisy forgetting the ould.  
Don't wait for leave-taking, — such things are  
heart-breaking —  
You promis'd we never should part; —  
I know that my jewel will never be cruel —  
She'll follow the boy of her heart.

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LAMENT OF THE EJECTED IRISH PEAS-  
ANT.

AIR: — "Aileen Aroon."

THE night is dark and dreary,

158     *Lament of the Irish Peasant.*

A gradh geal mo chroide;  
And the heart that loves you weary,  
A gradh geal mo chroide;  
For every hope is blighted,  
That bloomed when first we plighted  
Our troth, and were united,  
A gradh geal mo chroide!

Still our homestead we behold,  
A gradh geal mo chroide;  
But the cheerful hearth is cold,  
A gradh geal mo chroide;  
And those around its glow,  
Assembled long ago,  
In the cold, cold earth lie low  
A gradh geal mo chroide!

'Twas famine's wasting breath,  
A gradh geal mo chroide;  
That winged the shaft of death,  
A gradh geal mo chroide!  
And the landlord, lost to feeling,  
Who drove us from our sheeling,  
Though we prayed for mercy kneeling,  
A gradh geal mo chroide!

Oh! 'twas heartless from the floor,  
A gradh geal mo chroide!  
Where our fathers dwelt of yore,  
A gradh geal mo chroide;  
To fling our offspring — seven —  
'Neath the wintry skies of heaven,  
To perish on that even',  
A gradh geal mo chroide!

But the sheety blast blows chill,  
    A gradh geal mo chroide;  
To this scathed bleeding heart,  
Beloved as thou art,  
For too soon — too soon we part,  
    A gradh geal mo chroide!

---

HUGH OF GLENURRA.

BY R. D. JOYCE.

THE woods of Drumlory  
    Are greenest and fairest;  
And flowers in gay glory  
    Bloom there of the rarest:  
They'll deck without number  
    A red grave and narrow,  
Where he'll sleep his last slumber,  
    Young Hugh of Glenurra!

The canavaun's blooming  
    Like snow on the marish,  
The autumn is coming,  
    The summer flowers perish;  
And, though love smiles all gladness,  
    He's left me in sorrow,  
To mourn in my madness,  
    Young Hugh of Glenurra!

Sweet love filled forever  
    His kind words and glances;

Light foot there was never  
Like his in the dances,  
By forest or fountain,  
In goal on the curragh!  
Or chase on the mountain,  
Young Hugh of Glenurra!

When cannon did rattle,  
And trumpets brayed loudly,  
In the grim van of battle  
His long plume waved proudly;  
As the bolts from the bowmen,  
Or share through the furrow,  
He tore through the foemen,  
Young Hugh of Glenurra!

Alas! when we parted  
That morn in the hollow,  
Why staid I faint-hearted?  
Why ne'er did I follow,  
To fight by his side there,  
The red battle thorough,  
And die when he died there?  
Young Hugh of Glenurra!

Ah, woe is me! woe is me!  
Love cannot wake him:  
Woe is me! woe is me!  
Grief cannot make him  
Quit, to embrace me,  
This red couch of sorrow,  
Where soon they shall place me  
By Hugh of Glenurra!

**LADLE IT WELL.**

**BY T. D. SULLIVAN.**

Intended to be sung at the "April Meetings" in the Rotundo, and by the chief cooks at various "Missionary Stations" throughout Ireland.

SWEET is soup, and wondrous good,  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!  
It heals the soul, it warms the blood,  
It cheers the mind once dark as mud,  
Oh, soup is a genuine saving flood —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!

Throw the tripe and onions in —  
Ladle it well, oh, ladle it well!  
Be sure the drink is not too thin —  
It takes a strong compound to win  
A soul right out from Popish sin —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!

There's long Pat Quin — he's yet uncaught —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!  
What checked his grace! — I wondered what  
Until I tried the soup he got,  
And found no turnips in the pot —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!

Just think of last year's bible class —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!  
The soup was poor, alas, alas! —  
Too well I knew 'twould come to pass —

The wretches all went back to Mass!  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!

I often think with sigh and groan —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!  
Of Darby, and of Kate Malone,  
Whose souls another cow's shin bone  
Would have secured and made our own —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!

Oh, happy days it must be said —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!  
When out from Romish gloom and dread  
The sinful spirit may be led  
To glory, by a fresh sheep's head —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!

Oh Darby, Darby, and your wife —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!  
Oh people all, while grace is rife,  
Come forth, come forth, from sin and strife,  
Come drink the saving soup of life —  
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!

---

## DIED FOR THE GREEN — ELLEN HIGGINS.

SHE died for the Green! ere the rosebud  
Of childhood had fled from her cheek —  
Ere the heart that had loved Erin's emblem,  
That love in its fulness could speak;  
She died for the Green! by the angels  
Borne up from the dull English earth —

She was crowned with the smile of St. Brigid,  
And awoke to a heavenly birth.

Oh, cold is the dark English city,  
No sunlight enlivens the street,  
And the false, cheerless eye of the Saxon  
At each winding and turning you meet;  
Oh, Heavens! if once back in Ireland,  
To rest in its smile for a day —  
Alas! from the smoke to the sunshine  
We send forth the children to play.

So out from the choke and the darkness  
Three child-maidens merrily went,  
To see what the bright sun was doing —  
To see what the summer had sent;  
And they wore in their hats the Green ribbon,  
For love of the far away land —  
For love of the homestead forsaken,  
The mountain, the valley, and strand.

And they smiled when they saw the dear sun-  
shine —  
In Ireland it shines brighter still —  
“How pleasant it danced, Kate and Mary,  
In the river by Carrawe’s Mill;”  
So they caroled along, dreaming strangely  
Of beauty on Ireland’s shore,  
When the cubs of the Saxon dam marked them,  
With their throats thirsting madly for gore.

No — never the Green would they lower,  
And two fly away like the wind;  
But the stroke of the slayer has smitten  
The truest and bravest behind;  
With the Green in her hat she has fallen,



164     *The Hour Before the Dawn.*

No foul hand shall sully its hue —  
Oh! would that the strong men of Ireland,  
Were, as young Ellen Higgins, as true.

She died for the Green! all is over —  
The last Martyr gone to the clay —  
With a feeling of sadness and vengeance  
We sing the proud story to-day.  
Oh! mothers of Ireland, when bending  
Above your young darlings with pride,  
Remember how deep in black England  
For the Green this brave child-exile died.

---

THE HOUR THAT GOES BEFORE THE  
DAWN 'S THE DARKEST HOUR OF  
NIGHT.

BY JAMES O'BRIEN.

AIR:—"Wearing of the Green."

THE gloom of seven centuries is hanging like  
a pall  
O'er the hearts of true and stalwart men, in  
Irish hut and hall;  
But remember when the Tempest has his  
blackest flag unfurled,  
A radiant sun is nearest, to illumine a darkened  
world!  
Then arouse, Old Land, take courage, keep  
this motto e'er in sight,  
The hour that goes before the dawn's the darkest  
hour of night!

(Repeat two last lines.)

When the love that thrills the gentle babe, for-  
gets the mother's breast,  
And when the sailor, storm-tossed, avoids a  
port of rest,  
When the captive on the galley chained, re-  
fuses to be free,  
Then, Erin, of the Withered Brow, will we  
prove false to thee.  
We'll not forget, when fortune frowns, and  
menaces the right,  
The hour that goes before the dawn's the  
darkest hour of night!

(Repeat two last lines.)

God blessed Owen Roe's Green Banner, when  
he smote Queen Bess's men,  
And He'll bless, when we assail the foe, that  
proud old Flag again!  
The law may call us TRAITORS, can banish us  
and kill,  
The bolt that strikes the Fenian down can't  
reach old Ireland's will;  
Then remember, when the battle's smoke con-  
ceals the foe from sight,  
The hour that goes before the dawn's the dark-  
est hour of night!

(Repeat two last lines.)

The Saxon hordes may char our homes, and  
crimson Shannon's flood,  
A nobler train of peerless men shall spring  
from martyr's blood!  
Be but prepared, and watch your chance, for  
CHANCES COME and GO,

And when your master least expects, then  
strike him home the blow !  
The gloom of death your vengeance spreads,  
shall prove the legend right,  
The hour that goes before the dawn 's the dark-  
est hour of night !

(Repeat two last lines.)

To-morrow's work which must be done, should  
well be learned to-day,  
For they who fight, when unprepared, but bar-  
ter life away ;  
When the troops are drilled, and fortune smiles,  
march 'neath this stern decree,  
Our Flag we'll lower, on sea or shore, to none,  
Great God, but Thee !  
Then shoulder arms, brothers all, forget not in  
the fight,  
The hour that goes before the dawn 's the dark-  
est hour of night !

(Repeat two last lines.)

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## THE GREEN AND THE GOLD.

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

AIR:— "Neil McCreeman was a braw Hieland Sol-  
dier."

IN the soft blooming vales of our country,  
Two colors shine brightest of all,  
O'er mountain, and moorland, and meadow,  
On cottage and old castle wall ;

They shine in the gay summer garden,  
And glint in the depths of the wold,  
And they gleam on the banner of Ireland,  
Our colors! the Green and the Gold!  
Then hurrah, for the Green and the Gold!  
By the fresh winds of Freedom out-rolled,  
As they shine on the brave Irish banner,  
Our colors! the Green and the Gold!

In the days of Fomorian and Fenian,  
These colors flashed bright in the ray;  
• And their gleam kept the fierce Roman eagles  
In Rome-conquered Britain at bay,  
When Conn forgot his hundred red battles,  
And the lightning struck Daithi of old,  
As he bore through Helvetia's wild gorges  
Our colors! The Green and the Gold!  
Then hurrah, for the Green and the Gold!  
May they flourish for ages untold,  
May they blaze in the vanguard of freedom  
Our colors! the Green and the Gold!

Up many a grim breach of glory,  
In many a fierce battle's tide,  
Flashing high o'er the red gleaming surges  
Our banners swept on in their pride.  
From the day when triumphant they fluttered  
O'er the legions of Brian the Bold;  
Till with Sarsfield they streamed down the  
Shannon,  
Our colors! the Green and the Gold!  
Then hurrah, for the Green and the Gold!  
In victory's van as of old  
May they flash over new Fenian legions,  
Our colors! the Green and the Gold!

In these dark days of doom and disaster  
Is it dead, the old love for our land?  
Are our bosoms less brave than our fathers,  
Comes the sword-hilt less deft to our hand?  
No! we've proved us the wide world over  
Wherever war's surges have rolled,  
And will raise once again in Old Ireland,  
Our colors! the Green and the Gold!  
Then hurrah, for the Green and the Gold!  
And hurrah for the valiant and bold  
Who will raise them supreme in old Ireland,  
Our colors! the Green and the Gold!

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### CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR:—"Viva La."

WHEN, on Ramillies' bloody field,  
The baffled French were forced to yield,  
The victor Saxon backward reeled  
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.  
The flags we conquered in that fray,  
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say,  
We'll win them company to-day,  
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

### CHORUS.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong!  
Viva la for Ireland's right!  
Viva la in battled throng,  
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright!

The brave old lord died near the fight,  
But, for each drop he lost that night,  
A Saxon cavalier shall bite

The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.  
For, never, when our spurs were set,  
And, never, when our sabres met,  
Could we the Saxon soldiers get  
To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.

## CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade!  
Viva la the Old One, too!  
Viva la the Rose shall fade,  
And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

Another Clare is here to lead,  
The worthy son of such a breed;  
The French expect some famous deed,  
When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.  
Our Colonel comes from Brian's race,  
His wounds are in his breast and face,  
The gap of danger's still his place,  
The foremost of his bold Dragoons.

## CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade!  
Viva la the Old One, too!  
Viva la the Rose shall fade,  
And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

There's not a man in squadron here  
Was ever known to flinch or fear;  
Though first in charge and last in rear,

Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons ;  
But, see ! we'll soon have work to do,  
To shame our boasts, or prove them true,  
For hither comes the English crew,  
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

## CHORUS.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong !  
Viva la for Ireland's right !  
Viva la in battled throng,  
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright !

Oh ! comrades, think how Ireland pines,  
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,  
Her dearest hope, the ordered lines,  
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.  
Then fling your Green Flag to the sky,  
Be Limerick your battle-cry,  
And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high,  
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons.

## CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade !  
Viva la the Old One, too !  
Viva la the Rose shall fade,  
And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

---

THE FORLORN HOPE.

A SONG OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

AIR :—"Cruiskeen Lawn."

LET us lift the green flag high

Underneath this foreign sky,  
Unrol the verdant volume to the wind.  
As we hasten to the fight  
Let us drink a last good night  
To the beauty which we leave, boy, behind,  
behind, behind;  
To the beauty which we leave, boy, behind.

Plant it high upon the breach,  
And within the flag-staff's reach;  
We'll offer it the tribute of our gore.  
Yes! on that altar high,  
Spite of tyrant's we can die,  
And our spirits to the saints above may soar,  
soar, soar,  
And our spirits to the saints above may soar.

Liberty is gone.  
Now 'tis glory leads us on,  
And spangles gloomy slavery's night;  
If freedom's shattered bark  
Have not foundered i' the dark,  
Her wreck must see this beacon bright, bright,  
bright;  
Her wreck will see this beacon bright.

Yes; glory's shining light  
Must irradiate the night,  
And renew the flaming splendor of the day!  
And freedom's sinking crew  
Shall recover hope anew,  
And hail the blazing splendor of this ray, ray,  
ray,  
And hail the blazing splendor of this ray.



The green flag on the air,  
Sons of Erin and despair,  
To the breach in serried column quick advance.  
On the summit we may fall;  
Hand in hand, my comrades all,  
Let us drink a last adieu to merry France,  
France, France,  
Let us drink a last adieu to merry France.

To Erin, comrades, too,  
And her sunny skies of blue,  
A goblet commingled with tears!  
With the fleur-de-lis divine,  
The green Shamrock shall entwine,  
But the Ancient see the Sunburst rears, rears,  
rears;  
The Ancient see the Sunburst rears.

---

## THE BOYS OF WEXFORD.

### *Street Ballad.*

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

AIR:—"The Boys of Wexford."

IN comes the captain's daughter,  
The captain of the Yeos,  
Saying, "Brave United man,  
We'll ne'er again be foes.  
A thousand pounds I'll give you,  
And fly from home with thee,  
And dress myself in man's attire,  
And fight for libertie!"  
We are the boys of Wexford,

Who fought with heart and hand,  
To burst in twain, the galling chain,  
And free our native land!

And when we left our cabins, boys,  
We left with right good will,  
To see our friends and neighbors  
That were at Vinegar Hill!  
A young man from our ranks,  
A cannon, he let go;  
He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy —  
A tyrant he laid low!  
We are the boys of Wexford,  
Who fought with heart and hand  
To burst in twain the galling chain,  
And free our native land!

We bravely fought and conquered  
At Ross, and Wexford town;  
And, if we failed to keep them,  
'Twas drink that brought us down.  
We had no drink beside us  
On Tubber'neering's day,  
Depending on the long, bright pike,  
And well it worked its way!  
We are the boys of Wexford,  
Who fought with heart and hand  
To burst in twain the galling chain,  
And free our native land!

They came into the country  
Our blood to waste and spill;  
But let them weep for Wexford,  
And think of Oulart Hill!  
'Twas drink that still betrayed us —  
Of them we had no fear;

For every man could do his part  
Like Forth and Shelmaliel !  
We are the boys of Wexford,  
Who fought with heart and hand  
To burst in twain the galling chain,  
And free our native land !

My curse upon all drinking !  
It made our hearts full sore ;  
For bravery won each battle,  
But drink lost evermore ;  
And if, for want of leaders,  
We lost at Vinegar Hill,  
We're ready for another fight,  
And love our country still !  
We are the boys of Wexford,  
Who fought with heart and hand  
To burst in twain the galling chain,  
And free our native land !

---

### THE LEAVES SO GREEN.

WHEN life hath left this senseless clay,  
By all but thee forgot ;  
Oh, bear me, dearest, far away,  
To some green lonely spot :  
Where none with careless step may tread  
The grass upon my grave,  
But gently o'er my narrow bed  
" The leaves so green " may wave.

The wild flowers, too, I loved so well,  
Shall breathe their sweetness there,

While thrush and blackbird's song shall swell  
Amid the fragrant air.  
No noisy burst of joy or woe  
Will there disturb my rest,  
But silent tears in secret flow  
From those who loved me best.

The crowded town and haunts of men  
I never loved to tread;  
To sheltered vale or lonely glen  
My weary spirit fled.  
Then lay me, dearest, far away,  
By other eyes unseen,  
Where gleams of sunshine rarely stray,  
Beneath "the leaves so green."

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## FINEEN THE ROVER.

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

AIR:—"You'd think if you heard their pipes squealing."

AN old castle towers o'er the billow  
That thunders by Cleena's green land,  
And there dwelt as gallant a rover  
As ever grasped hilt by the hand.  
Eight stately towers of the waters  
Lie anchored in Baltimore Bay,  
And over their twenty score sailors,  
Oh, who but the rover holds sway?  
Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover!  
Fineen O'Driscoll the free!  
Straight as the mast of his galley,  
And wild as the wave of the sea!

176      *The Shamrock and the Lily.*

The Saxons of Cork and Moyallo,  
They harried his lands with their powers;  
He gave them a taste of his cannon,  
And drove them like wolves from his towers.  
The men of Clan London brought over  
Their strong fleet to make him a slave;  
They met him by Mizen's wild highland,  
And the sharks crunched their bones 'neath  
the wave!  
Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover,  
Fineen O'Driscoll the free!  
With step like the red stag of Beara,  
And voice like the bold sounding sea.

Long time in that old battered castle,  
Or out on the waves with his clan,  
He feasted, and ventured, and conquered,  
But ne'er struck his colors to man.  
In a fight 'gainst the foes of his country  
He died as a brave man should die;  
And he sleeps 'neath the waters of Cleena,  
Where the waves sing his *caoine* to the sky!  
Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover,  
Fineen O'Driscoll the free!  
With eye like the osprey's at morning,  
And smile like the sun on the sea.

---

THE SHAMROCK AND THE LILY.

BY JOHN BANIM.

SIR SHAMROCK, sitting drinking,  
At close of day, at close of day,

Saw Orange Lily, thinking,  
Come by that way, come by that way;  
With can in hand he hail'd him,  
And jovial din, and jovial din;  
The Lily's drought ne'er fail'd him—  
So he stept in, so he stept in.

At first they talk'd together,  
Reserved and flat, reserved and flat,  
About the crops, the weather,  
And this and that, and this and that—  
But, as the glass moved quicker,  
To make amends, to make amends,  
They spoke—though somewhat thicker—  
Yet more like friends, yet more like friends.

“Why not call long before, man,  
To try a glass, to try a glass?”  
Quoth Lily—“People told me  
You'd let me pass, you'd let me pass—  
Nay, and they whisper'd too, man,  
Death in the pot, death in the pot,  
Slipt in for me by you, man—  
Though I hope not, though I hope not.”

“Oh foolish, foolish Lily!  
Good drink to miss, good drink to miss,  
For gossip all so silly,  
And false as this, and false as this;  
And 'tis the very way, man,  
With such bald chat, with such bald chat,  
You're losing, day by day, man,  
Much more than that, much more than that.

“Here, in this land of mine, man,  
Good friends with me, good friends with me.

178      *The Shamrock and the Lily.*

A life almost divine, man,  
Your life might be, your life might be,  
But—jars for you! till, in, man,  
My smiling land, my smiling land,  
You billious grow, and thin, man,  
As you can stand, as you can stand.

“Now, if ’tis no affront, man,  
On you I call, on you I call,  
To tell me what you want, man,  
At-all-at-all, at-all-at-all:—  
Come, let us have in season,  
A word or two, a word or two;  
For there’s neither rhyme nor reason  
In your hubbubboo! your hubbubboo!

“With you I’ll give and take, man,  
A foe to cares, a foe to cares,  
Just asking, for God’s sake, man,  
To say my prayers, to say my prayers.  
And, like an honest fellow,  
To take my drop, to take my drop,  
In reason, till I’m mellow,  
And then to stop, and then to stop.

“And why should not things be so,  
Between us both, between us both?  
You’re so afraid of me? Pho!  
All fudge and froth, all fudge and froth,  
Or why, for little Willy,  
So much ado, so much ado?  
What is he, silly Lily,  
To me or you, to me or you?

“Can he, for all you shout, man,  
Back to us come, back to us come,

Our devils to cast out, man,  
And strike them dumb, and strike them  
dumb?

Or breezes mild make blow, man,  
In summer-peace, in summer-peace,  
Until the land o'erflow, man,  
With God's increase, with God's increase!"

"What you do say, Sir Shamrock,"  
The Lily cried, the Lily cried,  
"I'll think of, my old game-cock,  
And more beside, and more beside.  
One thing is certain, brother—  
I'm free to say, I'm free to say,  
We should be more together,  
Just in this way, just in this way."

"Well—top your glass, Sir Lily,  
Our parting one, our parting one—  
A bumper and a *tilly*,  
To past and gone, to past and gone—  
And to the future day, lad,  
That yet may see, that yet may see,  
Good humor and fair play, lad,  
'Twixt you and me, 'twixt you and me!"

---

## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

A PRISON SONG.

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

I SAT beneath a withered tree  
When winter winds blew keenly,—



180     *The Girl I Left Behind Me.*

As soon such winds might bring to me  
The red rose blushing sheenly,  
As fate return life's jovial morn  
And smiling gay, re-find me  
The hopes all cross'd, the loved and lost,  
The girl I left behind me!

Like that sere tree whose leaflets shone  
Last Spring, with dewdrops pearly,  
My hopes out-bloomed at manhood's dawn  
In love's light shining early,—  
The leaves are dead, my joys are fled,  
The tyrant's shackles bind me,  
And never more may fate restore  
The girl I left behind me!

But sure a man hath other ties  
Than love's light flame pursuing,  
To dry his country's tearful eyes,  
The tyrant's work undoing;  
I sowed the seed of that bright creed,  
And scorn the doom assigned me —  
For her alone I make my moan,  
The girl I left behind me!

They tell me that her early bloom  
Is dimmed with constant weeping,  
Like Ireland o'er her woeful doom  
A tearful vigil keeping;  
But spite of fears and patriot tears,  
My better hopes remind me,  
I'll see her face, and yet embrace  
The girl I left behind me!

Yes, sometimes to my prison cell  
Hope comes in arms all gleaming,

In fancy brings the battle yell  
And green flags proudly streaming,  
In fancy shows our tyrant foes  
Retreat, no more to bind me,  
And Freedom's reign restores again,  
The girl I left behind me!

---

SONG FOR JULY TWELFTH, 1843.

BY J. D. FRAZER.

AIR:—"Boyne Water."

COME—pledge again thy heart and hand—  
One grasp that ne'er shall sever;  
Our watchword be—"Our native land"—  
Our motto—"Love for ever."  
And let the Orange Lily be  
Thy badge, my patriot brother—  
The everlasting Green for me;  
And we for one another.

Behold how Green the gallant stem  
On which the flower is blowing;  
How in one heavenly breeze and beam  
Both flower and stem are glowing.  
The same good soil sustaining both,  
Makes both united flourish;  
But cannot give the Orange growth,  
And cease the Green to nourish.

Yea more—the hand that plucks the flower  
Will vainly strive to cherish;  
The stem blooms on—but in that hour

The flower begins to perish.  
 Regard them, then, of equal worth  
 While lasts their genial weather;  
 The time's at hand when into earth  
 The two shall sink together.

Ev'n thus be, in our country's cause,  
 Our party feelings blended;  
 Till lasting peace, from equal laws,  
 On both shall have descended.  
 Till then the Orange lily be  
*Thy* badge, my patriot brother—  
 The everlasting Green for *me*;  
 And—we for one another.

---

### THE SONS OF HIBERNIA.

BRAVE sons of Hibernia, your shamrocks display,  
 For ever made sacred on St. Patrick's day;  
 'Tis a type of religion, the badge of our saint,  
 And a plant of that soil which no venom can  
 taint.

Both Venus and Mars to that land lay a claim,  
 Their title is own'd and recorded by fame:  
 But Saint Patrick to friendship has hallow'd  
 the ground,  
 And made hospitality ever abound.

Then with shamrocks and myrtles let's garnish  
 the bowl,  
 In converse convivial and sweet flow of soul,

To our saint make oblations of generous wine,  
What saint would have more, sure 'tis wor-  
ship divine?

Tho' jovial and festive in seeming excess,  
We've hearts sympathetic of other's distress.  
May our shamrock continue to flourish and  
prove  
An emblem of charity, friendship, and love.

May the blights of disunion no longer remain,  
Our shamrock to wither, its glories to stain;  
May it flourish for ever, we Heaven invoke,  
Kindly shelter'd and fenc'd by the brave Irish  
oak.

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## THE BANKS OF ANNER.

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

“AIR:—The leaves are green in Aherloc.”

IN purple robes old Slievenamon  
Towers monarch of the mountains,  
The first to catch the smiles of dawn  
With all his woods and fountains;—  
His streams dance down by tower and town,  
But none since time began her,  
Met mortal sight as pure and bright  
As winding, wandering Anner.

In hill-side's gleam or woodland's gloom,  
O'er fairy height and hollow,  
Upon her banks gay flowerets bloom

Where'er her course I follow.  
And halls of pride tower o'er her tide,  
And gleaming bridges span her,  
As laughing gay she winds away,  
The gentle, murmuring Anner.

There gallant men for freedom born  
With friendly grasp will meet you,  
There lovely maids as bright as morn  
With sunny smiles will greet you;  
And there they strove to raise above  
The red, Green Ireland's banner—  
There yet its folds they'll see unrolled  
Upon the banks of Anner.

'Tis there we'll stand with bosoms proud  
True soldiers of our sireland,  
When freedom's wind blows strong and loud  
And floats the flag of Ireland,—  
Let tyrants quake and doubly shake  
Each traitor and trepanner,  
When once we raise our camp-fire's blaze  
Upon the banks of Anner.

O! God be with the good old days,  
The days so light and airy,  
When to blithe friends I sang my lays  
In gallant gay Tipperary;  
When fair maids' sighs and witching eyes  
Made my young heart the planner,  
Of castles rare built in the air  
Upon the banks of Anner.

The morning sun may fail to show  
His light the earth illuming.  
Old Slievenamon to gleam and glow

In autumn's purple blooming;  
And shamrocks green no more be seen,  
And breezes cease to fan her,  
Ere I forget the friends I met  
Upon the banks of Anner!

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## A PROSPECT.

BY EDWARD LYSAGHT.

[Edward Lysaght was born in Brickhill, County Clare. He entered Trinity College in 1799, and was subsequently called to the Bar. He was generally known as "pleasant Ned Lysaght," and, to use the words of Sir Jonah Barrington, "considered *law* as his *trade*, and conviviality his profession." He wrote some good national songs, which, owing to his having obtained a government place, were omitted from his published collection. The following song was written against the Union.]

How justly alarmed is each Dublin cit,  
That he'll soon be transformed to a clown,  
sir!  
By a magical move of that conjurer, Pitt,  
The country is coming to town, sir!  
Give Pitt, and Dundas, and Jenky a  
glass,  
Who'd ride on John Bull, and make Pad-  
dy an Ass.

Thro' Capel street soon as you'll rurally range,  
You'll scarce recognize it the same street;  
Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal Ex-  
change,

Fine cabbages down along Dame street.  
Give Pitt, etc.

Wild oats in the College won't want to be  
till'd ;

And hemp in the Four Courts may thrive, sir !  
Your markets again shall with muttons be  
fill'd—

By St. Patrick, they'll graze there alive, sir !  
Give Pitt, etc.

In the Parliament House, quite alive, shall  
there be

All the vermin the island e'er gathers ;  
Full of rooks, as before, Daly's club-house you'll  
see,

But the pigeons won't have any feathers.  
Give Pitt, etc.

Our Custom-house quay, full of weeds, oh,  
rare sport,

But the ministers' minions, kind elves, sir !  
Will give us free leave all our goods to export,  
When we've got none at home for ourselves,  
sir !

Give Pitt, etc.

Says an alderman—"Corn will grow in your  
shops ;

This Union must work your enslavement."  
"That's true," says the sheriff, "for plenty of  
*crops* \*

Already I've seen on the pavement."  
Give Pitt, etc.

\* A term used for the rebels in 1798, who wore their  
hair cut close.

Ye brave loyal yeoman, dressed gaily in red,  
This minister's plan must elate us;  
And well may John Bull, when he's robb'd us  
of bread,  
Call poor Ireland "*The land of Potatoes.*"  
Give Pitt, etc.

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## THE MUSTER.

BY DOIRE.

*A Song of Ninety-Eight*

FROM Howth away to famed Dunboy,  
By Kerry's beetling coasts,  
With lightning speed to summons flew  
To marshal Freedom's hosts;  
From Limerick's old, historic walls  
To Boyne's ill-omened tide,  
The long-watched signal swelled the hearts,  
With vengeance, hope, and pride.

We ask, in vain, the right to live  
*Here* in our Native Land—  
The robber hordes oppress us more,  
And mock our just demand;  
Our sense of manhood must be dead,  
Our hearts turned into stone—  
That we thus crouch, while hearths and fanes  
Are round in ruins strewn.

Then fling out the Emerald Banner,  
Let the Orient kiss its hue,  
Beneath its folds we'll take our stand,



To Erin, firm and true ;  
The viper foes that wrought our woes,  
We'll meet them *now* with steel,  
And may the hands be shrivelled up  
That blow for blow won't deal.

Hurrah ! God wills the time at last,  
Our galling chains to break,  
And in the cruel tyrant's blood  
Our thirsting swords to slake—  
Just heaven ! endow our arms with might,  
To strike down tyranny,  
And make the land we love so dear  
A Nation—great and free.

They're must'ring fast, see Slievenamon  
Its serried lines displays,  
Mark how their burnished weapons gleam  
In morning's ruddy blaze ;  
And proudly waves the flashing green,  
Where purl Maig and Lee—  
Hurrah ! my boys, we've lived, thank God,  
To make our Ireland free.

We've sworn fealty to that cause  
Our martyrs sanctified ;  
To guard the Flag above our heads,  
We pledge our hearts' red tide ;  
No more as craven slaves we'll bend  
To despot king or queen,  
God shield the Right—strike sure and fast,  
'Tis for our Native Green.

**GARRYOWEN.**

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

THEY say a dead man tells no tales,  
That silence o'er his tomb prevails,  
However blow blind Fortune's gales  
In peace or battle gory,  
But we can give that phrase the lie,  
For dead men's voices fill the sky,  
And float from Limerick's towers on high,  
O'er Garryowen and glory!

O, mighty dead! O, unforgot!  
O, heroes of the glorious lot!  
Your deeds they sanctify each spot,  
Your names each legend hoary!  
From charnel crypts of mouldered bones,  
From fosses, walls, and graven stones,  
Your voices sound in thunder tones,  
O'er Garryowen in glory!

Thy name, great names, great battles won,  
Great deeds by Irish heroes done,  
They cry "Unite! Be one! Be one!"  
From ancient graves and gory;  
They bid us, brothers, all prepare  
For th' hour when we can do and dare,  
When Freedom's shout shall rend the air,  
O'er Garryowen in glory!

And we can dare and we can do,  
United men and brothers true,  
Their gallant footsteps to pursue,  
And change our country's story;

To emulate their high renown,  
To strike our false oppressors down,  
And stir the old triumphant town,  
    With Garryowen in glory !

And when that mighty day comes round  
We still shall hear their voices sound—  
Our tramp shall roll along the ground  
    And shake the mountains hoary.  
We'll raise the Sunburst as of yore,  
And Limerick's streets and Shannon shore  
Shall echo to our shout once more,  
    Of Garryowen in glory !

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## RORY OF THE HILLS.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

“ THAT rake up near the rafters,  
    Why leave it there so long ?  
The handle, of the best of ash,  
    Is smooth, and straight, and strong ;  
And, mother, will you tell me,  
    Why did my father frown,  
When to make the hay, in summer-time,  
    I climbed to take it down ? ”  
She looked into her husband's eyes,  
    While her own with light did fill,  
“ You'll shortly know the reason, boy ! ”  
    Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lighting up  
    The slopes of Sliav-na-man,—

Whose foot affrights the startled hares  
So long before the dawn?  
He stopped just where the Anner's stream  
Winds up the woods anear,  
Then whistled low, and looked around  
To see the coast was clear.  
A sheeling door flew open—  
In he stepped with right good will—  
"God save all here, and bless your WORK,"  
Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome  
That greeted him I ween,  
For years gone by he fully proved  
How well he loved the Green;  
And there was one amongst them  
Who grasped him by the hand—  
One who through all that weary time  
Roamed on a foreign strand;  
He brought them news from gallant friends  
That made their heart-strings thrill—  
"My *soul*! I never doubted them!"  
Said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board  
Till dawning of the day,  
And yet not song nor shout I heard—  
No revellers were they:  
Some brows flushed red with gladness,  
While some were grimly pale;  
But pale or red, from out those eyes  
Flashed souls that never quail!  
"And sing us now about the vow,  
They swore for to fulfil"—  
"You'll read it yet in History,"  
Said Rory of the Hill

Next day the ashen handle,  
He took down from where it hung,  
The toothed rake, full scornfully  
Into the fire he flung;  
And in its stead a shining blade  
Is gleaming once again—  
(Oh! for a hundred thousand of  
Such weapons and such men!)  
Right soldierly he wielded it,  
And—going through his drill—  
“Attention”—“charge”—“front, point”—  
“advance!”  
Cried Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman's pride,  
With pride and woman's fears;  
She flew to him, she clung to him,  
And dried away her tears;  
He feels her pulse beat truly,  
While her arms around him twine—  
“Now God be praised for your stout heart,  
Brave little wife of mine.”  
He swung his first born in the air,  
While joy his heart did fill—  
“You'll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy,”  
Said Rory of the Hill.

Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power,  
And stronger than the wind;  
And thrones shall fall, and despots bow,  
Before the might of mind;  
The poet, and the orator  
The heart of man can sway,  
And would to the kind heavens  
That Wolfe Tone were here to-day!  
Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength,

Her truest strength, is still,  
The rough-and-ready roving boys,  
Like Rory of the Hill.

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### THE IRISH-AMERICAN

COLUMBIA the free is the land of my birth,  
And my paths have been all on American earth;  
But my blood is as Irish as any can be,  
And my heart is with Erin afar o'er the sea.

My father, and mother, and friends all around,  
Are daughters and sons of the sainted old  
ground—  
They rambled its bright plains and mountains  
among,  
And filled its fair valleys with laugh and with  
song.

But I sing their sweet music, and often they  
own  
It is true to old Ireland in style and in tone;  
I dance their gay dances, and hear them with  
glee  
Say each touch tells of Erin afar o'er the sea.

I have tufts of green shamrock in sods they  
brought o'er,  
I have shells they picked up ere they stepped  
from the shore,  
I have books that are treasures; the fondest I  
hold

Is "The Melodies," clasped and nigh covered  
with gold.

My pictures are pictures of scenes that are  
dear,  
For the beauties they are, or the glories they  
were;  
And of good men and great men whose merits  
shall be  
Long the pride of green Erin afar o'er the sea.

If I were in beautiful Dublin to-day,  
To the spots I hold sacred I'd soon find my  
way;  
For I know where O'Connell and Curran are  
laid;  
And where loved Robert Emmet sleeps cold  
"in the shade."

And if I were in Wexford—how fondly I'd  
trace  
Each field I have marked on my maps of the  
place,  
Where the brave Ninety-Eight men poured  
hotly and free  
Their blood for dear Erin afar o'er the sea.

Dear home of my fathers! I'd hold thee to  
blame,  
And my cheeks would at times take the crim-  
son of shame,  
Did thy sad tale not show, in each sorrow-  
stained line,

That the might of thy tyrant was greater than  
thine.

But her soldiers are many, abroad and at home,  
Her ships on all oceans are ploughing the foam ;  
And her wealth is untold—sure no equal was  
she  
For my poor plundered Erin afar o'er the sea.

Yet they tell me the strife is not yet given  
o'er—  
That the gallant old Island will try it once  
more ;  
And will call, with her harp, when her flag is  
unfurled,  
Her sons, and *their* sons, from the ends of the  
world.

If so, I've a rifle that's true to a hair,  
A brain that can plan and a hand that can dare ;  
And the summons will scarce have died out,  
when I'll be  
Mid the green fields of Erin afar o'er the sea.

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## IRISH WAR SONG.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

AIR—"The world's turned upside down."

BRIGHT sun, before whose glorious ray,  
Our Pagan fathers bent the knee ;



Whose pillar-altars yet can say,  
When time was young our sires were free—  
Who seest how fallen their offspring be—  
Our matrons' tears—our patriots' gore;  
We swear before high Heaven and thee,  
The Saxon holds us slaves no more!

Our Sunburst on the Roman foe  
Flash'd vengeance once in foreign field—  
On Clontarf's plain lay scathed low  
What power the Sea-kings fierce could wield  
Bein Burb might say whose cloven shield  
'Neath bloody hoofs was trampled o'er;  
And by these memories high, we yield  
Our limbs to Saxon chains no more!

The *clairseach* wild, whose trembling string  
Had long the "song of sorrow" spoke,  
Shall bid the wild *Rosg-Cata* sing  
The curse and crime of Saxon yoke.  
—And, by each heart his bondage broke—  
Each exile's sigh on distant shore—  
Each martyr 'neath the headman's stroke—  
The Saxon holds us slaves no more!

Send the loud war-cry o'er the main—  
Your Sunburst to the breezes spread;  
That *slogan* rends the heaven in twain—  
The earth reels back beneath your tread.  
Ye Saxon despots, hear, and dread—  
Your march o'er patriot hearts is o'er—  
That shout hath told—that tramp hath said,  
Our country's sons are slaves no more!

THE PEOPLE.

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

AIR—"All the way to Galway."

A LITTLE bird sang in mine ear  
With voice prophetic, sweet and clear,—  
"Bright Freedom's happy day is near  
For Ireland and her People!"  
The People! The People!  
God bless the Irish People!  
Through all their years  
Of blood and tears,  
Old Ireland's gallant People!

With gibbet, fire and fetter girth,  
With bloody wars and famine dearth,  
Our tyrants strove from off the earth  
To blot old Ireland's People!  
The People! The People!  
But firm as Shandon steeple  
Upon its rock,  
They stood each shock  
Old Ireland's gallant People!

For as the oak tree by the glen  
Shorn by the axe, springs up again  
From deepest roots beyond our ken,  
So flourished Ireland's People!  
The People! The People!  
Though wars cut down the People  
Each springing root  
Bore tenfold fruit,—  
Old Ireland's gallant People!

198      *Song from the Backwoods.*

Then, brothers, here's to our dear land !  
With freemen may her shores be manned !  
And down with England's gory hand !  
And up with Ireland's People !  
The People ! The People !  
Like bells from Shandon steeple,  
With ringing chime  
Sing out sublime  
Hurrah ! for Ireland's People !

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SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

DEEP in Canadian woods we've met,  
From one bright island flown ;  
Great is the land we tread, but yet  
Our hearts are with our own.  
And ere we leave this shanty small,  
While fades the autumn day,  
We'll toast old Ireland !  
Dear old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

We've heard her faults a hundred times,  
The new ones and the old,  
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,  
Enlarged some fifty fold.  
But take them all, the great and small,  
And this we've got to say ;—  
Here's dear old Ireland !  
Good old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

We know that brave and good men tried  
To snap her rusty chain,  
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,  
And all, 'tis said, in vain;  
But no, boys, no! a glance will show  
How far they've won their way—  
Here's good old Ireland!  
Loved old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

We've seen the wedding and the wake,  
The patron and the fair;  
The stuff they take, the fun they make,  
And the heads they break down there.  
With a loud "hurroo" and a "pillalu,"  
And a thundering "clear the way!"  
Here's gay old Ireland!  
Dear old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

And well we know in the cool grey eves,  
When the hard day's work is o'er,  
How soft and sweet are the words that greet  
The friends who meet once more;  
With "Mary machree!" and "My Pat! 'tis  
he!"  
And "My own heart night and day!"  
Ah, fond old Ireland!  
Dear old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass  
From their peaceful homes, for miles  
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,  
When Sunday morning smiles!  
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel

When low they kneel and pray.  
Oh, dear old Ireland!  
Blest old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,  
And we never may see again  
The dear old isle where our hearts are set,  
And our first fond hopes remain!  
But come, fill up another cup,  
And with every sup let's say—  
Here's loved old Ireland!  
Good old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

---

PATRICK SHEEHAN.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

*Street Ballad.*

My name is Patrick Sheehan,  
My years are thirty-four,  
Tipperary is my native place,  
Not far from Galtymore;  
I came of honest parents—  
But now they're lying low—  
And many a pleasant day I spent  
In the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died, I closed his eyes  
*Outside* our cabin-door—  
The landlord and the sheriff too  
Were there the day before—

And then my loving mother,  
And sisters three also,  
Were forced to go with broken hearts  
From the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work,  
I wandered far and near;  
I went then to the poor-house  
For to see my mother dear;  
The news I heard nigh broke my heart,  
But still, in all my woe,  
I blessed the friends who made their graves  
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home, and kith, and kin—  
With plenty all around—  
I starved within my cabin,  
And slept upon the ground;  
But cruel as my lot was,  
I ne'er did hardship know,  
'Till I joined the English army,  
Far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," says the Corporal,  
"You lazy Hirish hound,  
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog,  
The call 'to arms' sound?"  
Alas! I had been dreaming  
Of days long, long ago,  
I woke before Sebastopol,  
And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—

How dark I thought the night;  
O blessed God, it was not dark,  
It was the broad daylight!  
And when I found that I was *blind*,  
My tears began to flow,  
I longed for even a pauper's grave  
In the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessed Virgin Mary,  
Mine is a mournful tale;  
A poor blind prisoner here I am,  
In Dublin's dreary jail.  
Struck blind within the trenches,  
Where I never feared the foe;  
And now I'll never see again  
My own sweet Aherlow!

A poor neglected mendicant  
I wandered through the street;  
My nine months' pension now being out,  
I beg from all I meet:  
As I joined my country's tyrants,  
My face I'll never show,  
Among the kind old neighbors,  
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Then Irish youths—dear countrymen—  
Take heed of what I say,  
For if you join the English ranks  
You'll surely rue the day?  
And whenever you are tempted  
A soldiering to go,  
Remember poor blind Sheehan  
Of the Glen of Aherlow.

THE GROVES OF THE POOL; OR, THE  
FENIAN ROVER.

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

You may like Dodger's Glen, as a poet  
To sit in the green shady grove,  
And if you set out upon pleasure  
May sport it all day in the Cove;  
But if you are bent on rebellion,  
And to learn in a good rebel school,  
Just go courting a nice little sweetheart  
In the jolly old Groves of the Pool!  
And I am a bold Fenian hero  
Who love the fair maids as I roam,  
Who hate all oppressors, from Nero  
To the tyrants who lord it at home!

'Tis there you will see the fair maidens  
Each bright morning bleaching the clothes,  
With their white feet agleam in the water,  
And a blush on their cheeks like the rose;  
With a flash in their eyes independent  
That would brand you a coward and fool,  
If you feared to wear Green for your color  
In the jolly old Groves of the Pool!  
(Repeat Chorus).

I danced in the Claddagh of Galway,  
For frolics in Meath bore the bell;  
For the smiles of a gay little sweetheart  
I fought in the town of Clonmel;  
An heiress I courted in Mallow,  
A traitor I shot in Rathcoole,—



But I've gone through more games in one  
morning

In the jolly old Groves of the Pool!

(Repeat Chorus).

Up spoke Roisin Duv, my young sweetheart,

With a look between earnest and jest,

"Who'll win me, must handle a sabre,

And fight for the land we love best;

Must stand in the red gap of danger,

A soldier collected and cool—

That's the man for my love and devotion

In the jolly old Groves of the Pool!"

(Repeat Chorus).

O! all you poor cowards and dastards

From the fair maids of Cork keep away—

Beware! if you make their acquaintance,

You'll be all hanged for Fenians next day;

With their talk, and their tears, and their  
laughter,

They'll put you 'neath petticoat rule,

And they'll make you mount Green for your  
color

In the jolly old Groves of the Pool!

(Repeat Chorus).

While the Lee winds in glory and splendor

By wildwoods and castles and towers;

While the slopes of Glanmire in the water

Are mirrored with all their bright bowers—

'Till fate, with her wheel and her spindle

Winds up my last thread on her spool,

I'll think on my wild days of raking

In the jolly old Groves of the Pool!

For I am a bold Fenian hero

Who love the fair maids as I roam  
Who hate all oppressors, from Nero,  
To the tyrants who lord it at home!

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**TIPPERARY RECRUITING SONG.**

*Street Ballad.*

'Tis now we'd want to be wary, boys,  
The recruiters are out in Tipperary, boys;  
If they offer a glass, we'll wink as we pass—  
We're ould birds for chaff in Tipperary, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary boys,  
Although we're "cross and contrary," boys,  
The never a one will handle a gun,  
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

Now mind what John Bull did here, my boys,  
In the days of our famine and fear, my boys;  
He burned and sacked, he plundered and  
racked  
Ould Ireland of Irish to clear, my boys.

Now Bull wants to pillage and rob, my boys,  
And put the proceeds in his fob, my boys;  
But let each Irish blade just stick to his trade,  
And let Bull do his own dirty job, my boys.

So never to 'list be in haste, my boys,  
Or a glass of drugged whiskey to taste, my  
boys;  
If to India you'll go, 'tis to grief and to woe,  
And to rot and to die like a beast, my boys.

But now he is beat for men, my boys,  
His army is getting so thin, my boys,  
With the fever and ague, the sword and the  
    plague,  
Oh! the devil a fear that he'll win, my boys.

Then mind not the robbing ould schemer, boys,  
Tho' he says that he's richer than Damer, boys?  
Tho' he bully and roar, his power is o'er,  
And his black heart will shortly be tamer, boys.

Now isn't Bull peaceful and civil, boys,  
In his mortal distress and his evil, boys?  
But we'll cock each caubeen when his ser-  
    geants are seen,  
And we'll tell them to go to the devil, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary, boys!  
Altho' we're cross and contrairy, boys,  
The never a one will handle a gun,  
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

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## MOLLY ASTORE.

BY RIGHT HON. GEORGE OGLE.

[Mr. Ogle represented the City of Dublin in 1799, and voted against the "Union." He lived to see that vile measure realize Dr. Johnson's prophetic words to an Irish gentleman—"Don't unite with us, sir, or we'll rob you." This sweet song is supposed to have been addressed to the lady to whom he was afterwards married.]

As down by Banna's banks I strayed,  
One evening in May,

The little birds, in blithest notes,  
Made vocal ev'ry spray;  
They sung their little notes of love,  
They sung them o'er and o'er,  
Ah! Gra ma chree ma colleen oge,  
Ma Molly Astore.

The daisy pled, and all the sweets  
The dawn of Nature yields—  
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue,  
Lay scattered o'er the fields;  
Such fragrance in the bosom lies  
Of her whom I adore.  
Ah! Gra ma chree, etc.

I laid me down upon a bank,  
Bewailing my sad fate,  
That doom'd me thus the slave of love,  
And cruel Molly's hate;  
How can she break the honest heart  
That wears her in its core?  
Ah! Gra ma chree, etc.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear!  
Ah! why did I believe?  
Yet who could think such tender words  
Were meant but to deceive?  
That love was all I asked on earth—  
Nay, Heaven could give no more.  
Ah! Gra ma chree, etc.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze  
On yonder yellow hill;  
Or lowed for me the numerous herds  
That yon green pasture fill—

With her I love I'd gladly share  
 My kine and fleecy store.  
 Ah! Gra ma chree, etc.

Two turtle-doves, above my head,  
 Sat courting on a bough,  
 I envied them their happiness,  
 To see them bill and coo,  
 Such fondness once for me was shown,  
 But now, alas! 'tis o'er.  
 Ah! Gra ma chree, etc.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear!  
 Thy loss I e'er shall moan;  
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,  
 'Twill beat for thee alone;  
 Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee  
 Its choicest blessings pour.  
 Ah! Gra ma chree, etc.

---

## OLD SKIBBEREEN.

BY PATRICK CARPENTER.

AIR:—The wearing of the Green.

*Young America and his Irish Father.*

"O! FATHER, dear, I've often heard you speak  
 of Erin's Isle—  
 Its scenes how bright and beautiful, how 'rich  
 and rare' they smile;  
 You say it is a lovely land in which a Prince  
 might dwell,

Then why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell?"

"My Son, I've loved my native land with fervor and with pride—  
Her peaceful groves, her mountains rude, her valleys green and wide,  
And there I've roamed in manhood's prime, and sported when a boy,  
My shamrock and shillelagh sure my constant boast and joy.

"But lo! a blight came o'er my crops, my sheep and cattle died,  
The rack-rent too, alas! was due, I could not have supplied;  
The landlord drove me from the cot where born I had been,  
And that, my boy's the reason why I left old *Skibbereen*.

"O! what a dreadful sight it was that dark November day;  
The Sheriff and the Peelers came to send us all away;  
They set the roof a-blazing with a demon smile of spleen,  
And when it fell, the crash was heard all over *Skibbereen*.

"Your Mother dear, God rest her, fell upon the snowy ground,  
She fainted in her anguish at the desolation round;—  
She never rose, but passed away from life's tumultuous scene,

And found a quiet grave of rest in poor old  
Skibbereen.

“ Ah! sadly I recall that year of gloomy '48;  
I rose in vengeance with 'the boys' to battle  
against fate:

We were hunted thro' the mountains wild, as  
thraitors to the Queen,—

And that, my boy's the reason why I left old  
Skibbereen.

“ You then were only two years old, and feeble  
was your frame,

I would not leave you with my friends—you  
bore my father's name!—

I wrapped you in my '*Cathamore*' at dead of  
night unseen,

Then heav'd a sigh, and bade good-by to poor  
old Skibbereen.”

“ O! Father, Father, when the day for ven-  
geance we will call,—

When Irishmen o'er field and fen shall rally  
one and all,—

I'll be the man to lead the van beneath the flag  
of green,

While loud on high we'll raise the cry—  
Re-venge for Skibbereen!”

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## PATRICK'S DAY.

BY DR. R. D. JOYCE.

WE cannot be glad; lonely exiles, we borrow

From pomp and parade but the semblance of  
glee ;  
We cannot be glad, while in serfdom and sor-  
row  
Our brothers are pining beyond the sea :  
Though gallant and proud,  
Our heads shall be bowed  
When we think, mother Ireland, of them  
and of thee :  
Though flaunting on high  
Our banners may fly,  
Though the trumpets may blaze and the drums  
roll and rattle,  
And rifles and bayonets flash bright in the  
ray,  
They make us but sigh for one good hour or  
battle  
On green Irish ground upon Patrick's Day !  
We cannot be glad, though the pageant's shrill  
clangor  
From street unto street fill the blue heaven's  
dome ;  
We cannot be glad, but the sounds of our an-  
ger  
Shall be heard far away o'er the wild sea's  
foam,—  
Shall be heard far away  
By the tyrants who sway  
Is the curse of our race and our green Island  
home—  
Be heard rising clear  
By the despots whose fear  
Will make them imagine our rifles and cannon  
Are over the water beginning the fray,  
That the people have risen from Bann to the  
Shannon,



## 212     *The Green Little Shamrock.*

To try their new strength upon Patrick's  
Day!

We cannot be glad, but the brave hope we  
cherish

Of raising the green flag afar o'er the main,  
That the power of the tyrant before us shall  
perish,

Assuages our sorrow and soothes our pain.

So our trumpets shall sound

All the wide world round

With the bold voice of Freedom inwrought  
in the strain,

And our banners shall gleam

In each foreign sun's beam,

Till, sons of one mother, we're banded together

With weapons all glittering in warlike array,  
Till we fight the good fight on our own native  
heather,

And win back our freedom on Patrick's Day!

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### THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRE- LAND.

BY ANDREW CHERRY.

Born in Limerick, 1780. Wrote "The Bay of Biscay," and "Tom Moody." Was manager of the London theatre in which Edmund Kean made his first appearance.

THERE's a dear little plant that grows in our  
isle,

'Twas Saint Patrick himself, sure, that set it;

And the sun of his labor with pleasure did  
smile,

And with dew from his eye often wet it.  
It thrives through the bog, through the brake,  
through the mireland:

And he called it the dear little shamrock of  
Ireland.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little  
shamrock,

The sweet little, green little, shamrock of  
Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,  
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can  
command,

In each climate that they may appear in ;  
And shine through the bog, through the brake,  
through the mireland ;

Just like their own dear little shamrock of  
Ireland.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little  
shamrock,

The sweet little, green little, shamrock of  
Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our  
soil,

When its three little leaves are extended,  
Denotes from one stalk we together should  
toil,

And ourselves by ourselves be befriended ;  
And still through the bog, through the brake,  
through the mireland,

From one root should branch, like the sham-  
rock of Ireland.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little  
shamrock,  
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of  
Ireland.

---

**"GOD SAVE IRELAND!"**

**AIR**—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.

HIGH upon the gallows tree  
Swung the noble-hearted three,  
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom ;  
But they met him face to face,  
With the courage of their race,  
And they went with souls undaunted to their  
doom.

"God save Ireland!" said the heroes ;  
"God save Ireland!" said they all :  
"Whether on the scaffold high  
"Or the battle-field we die,  
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear  
we fall!"

Girt around with cruel foes,  
Still their spirit proudly rose,  
For they thought of hearts that loved them,  
far and near ;  
Of the millions true and brave  
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,  
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.  
"God save Ireland!" said they proudly ;  
"God save Ireland!" said they all :  
"Whether on the scaffold high

Or the battle-field we die,  
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear  
we fall!"

Climbed they up the rugged stair,  
Rung their voices out in prayer,  
Then with England's fatal cord around them  
cast,  
Close beneath the gallows tree,  
Kissed like brothers lovingly,  
True to home, and faith, and freedom, to the  
last.  
"God save Ireland!" prayed they  
loudly;  
"God save Ireland!" said they all:  
"Whether on the scaffold high  
"Or the battle-field we die,  
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear  
we fall!"

Never till the latest day  
Shall the memory pass away  
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land:  
But on the cause must go,  
Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,  
Till we've made our isle a nation free and  
grand.  
"God save Ireland!" say we proudly;  
"God save Ireland!" say we all:  
"Whether on the scaffold high  
"Or the battle-field we die,  
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear  
we fall!"

## NORA O'NEAL.

OH! I'm lonely to-night love, without you,  
And I sigh for one glance of your eye;  
For, sure there's a charm, love, about you,  
Whenever I know you are nigh.  
Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling,  
Is the glance which your eye can't conceal,  
And your voice is so sweet and beguiling  
That I love you, sweet Nora O'Neal.

## CHORUS.

Oh! don't think that ever I'll doubt you,  
My love I will never conceal,  
Oh! I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,  
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal!

Oh! the nightingale sings in the wild-wood,  
As if every note that he knew  
Was learned from your sweet voice in child-  
hood,  
To remind me, sweet Nora, of you.  
But I think, love, so often about you,  
And you don't know how happy I feel,  
But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,  
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal!  
(Repeat Chorus)

Oh! why should I weep tears of sorrow?  
Oh! why to let hope lose its place?  
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,  
And smile on your beautiful face?  
Will you meet me? Oh! say you will meet me  
With a kiss at the foot of the lane,

And I'll promise whenever you greet me  
That I'll never be lonely again.  
(Repeat Chorus.)

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**DUBLIN BAY.**

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

He sail'd away in a gallant bark,  
Roy Neill and his fair young bride;  
He had ventur'd all in that bounding ark,  
That danced o'er the silver tide.  
But his heart was young and his spirit light,  
And he dashed the tear away,  
As he watched the shore recede from sight,  
Of his own sweet Dublin Bay.

Three days they sail'd, and a storm arose,  
And the lightning swept the deep,  
And the thunder-crash broke the short repose,  
Of the weary sea-boy's sleep.  
Roy Neill, he clasped his weeping bride,  
And he kiss'd her tears away,  
"Oh, love 't was a fatal hour," she cried,  
"When we left sweet Dublin Bay."

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship,  
Some stood in their mute despair;  
And some more calm, with a holy lip,  
Sought the God of the storm in prayer.  
"She has struck on the rock!" the seamen  
cried,  
In the breath of their wild dismay,

And the ship went down and the fair young  
bride,  
That sailed from Dublin Bay.

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## SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

BY J. W. LAKE.

ONE summer eve, with pensive thought,  
I wander'd on the seabeat shore,  
Where oft in heedless infant sport  
I gather'd shells in days before.  
The plashing waves like music fell  
Responsive to my fancy wild;  
A dream came o'er me like a spell,  
I thought I was again a child.

I stoop'd upon the pebbly strand  
To cull the toys that round me lay,  
But as I took them in my hand  
I threw them one by one away.  
Oh, thus, I said, in ev'ry stage  
By toys our fancy is beguiled,  
We gather shells from youth to age,  
And then we leave them like a child!

THE END.



# WEARING OF THE GREEN.

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BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

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"So you are really going to Ireland, old fellow, and at such a time?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Look out for the Fenians! See that they don't capture you, and keep you as a British hostage."

"Stuff; there are no Fenians."

"Oh, aren't there, though! Yes, by St. Patrick, and Fenianesses, too — just ask Gerald Barrymore!"

"Why, I am going over to Gerald Barrymore. I am going to spend the time with him — hunt, and course, and fish, and all the rest of it."

"Well, *he* says there are Fenians to no end."

"Don't believe a word of it, although I am sure he thinks it if he says so. There isn't pluck enough in the population to make anything like a formidable movement of any kind. I'll undertake to rout any band of Fenians that may come in my way with this cane."

"Misguided young man, farewell. If you should fall a victim to your rashness, I'll write your epitaph!"

"Thank you, my dear fellow! That is indeed adding a new terror to death. It will make me doubly careful of my precious existence!"



So the two friends parted, smiling. This dialogue took place one soft bright day of late autumn, in the pleasant Temple Gardens, in the heart of London — the Temple Gardens of York and Lancaster, and the Red and White Roses; of Addison, and Steele, and Sir Roger de Coverly; of Ruth, Pecksniff, and Tom Pinch; of Arthur Pendennis, and Stunning Warrenton.

The two friends who thus talked and parted, were Tom Gibbs, and Laurence Spalding. Both were young barristers; both were as yet briefless; both were writers for newspapers and magazines; both were distinguished and active members of the Inns of Court Volunteer Corps, familiarly known as the "Devil's Own."

Laurence Spalding was a tall, athletic young fellow, who delighted in the drilling and the rifle-shooting, and the privilege, new, strange, and dear to young lawyers, of wearing the moustache. He it was, who, on the eve of a visit to Ireland, was speaking scornfully of Fenianism, and the natives of Ireland generally. He had never been in Ireland, and this was just the time when the air was rife with rumors of projected Fenian insurrection, and before any actual rising had taken place to divulge the real proportions of Fenianism's military strength. Laurence Spalding was to be a guest of his old chum and fellow-student, Gerald Barrymore, a young Irishman who had eaten his way to the English bar, and hoped to distinguish himself there, although, unlike most of his compatriots, he was heir to some property in Ireland which was actually unencumbered. Spalding was longing to see Ireland; longing to enjoy his dear friend's hos-

pitality; longing to be introduced to his friend's beautiful sister, of whom he had heard so much.

Barrymore was going over to Ireland that night. Laurence was to follow in two or three days. Barrymore was to meet him in Dublin, and show him over the city; then they were to go on together to Barrymore's home in a mountainous, sea-washed, southwestern county. The railway would only carry them a certain way; the rest of the distance must be performed by carriage, or on horseback over mountain roads.

Now it so happened that Tom Gibbs, who was a good deal of a chatter-box, and a little of a mischief-maker, met Gerald, half an hour after the conversation just reported, and told him, with, perhaps, some flourish and embellishment, what Laurence had been saying about Fenianism, and the dangers of Irish rebellion. Barrymore's cheek reddened. He was, like most Irishmen, rather sensitive of ridicule; and, moreover, although a loyal British subject, he had been descanting somewhat largely at the dinner in the Temple Hall on the formidable nature of the Fenian movement. So he felt a good deal annoyed for the moment at what Gibbs told him; but his manly good nature presently returned, and he resolved to think no more about it. Unluckily, however, when he got to his Irish home, he told his sister something of the story, and that young lady's pretty cheek, and bright eye glowed with pique and resentment.

Grace Barrymore was a bright, animated, beautiful girl, with a noble, queenly figure,

and curling fair hair. She was highly educated, had lived in France and Italy, had all the culture of an Englishwoman of the best class, and yet retained an exquisite flavor of her own racy nationality. She was a motherless girl, and she ruled her father, and the estate, and the tenantry, and the whole district generally. Like many other true-hearted Irishwomen who have seen other countries besides their own, she scolded her compatriots a good deal for their own benefit, but would not hear a word said against them by a foreigner, especially a Saxon. She was always warning all the boys of the place against mixing themselves up with the dangerous follies of Fenianism; and she did not at present know of the existence of a single Fenian in the neighborhood; but she clenched her little fist, and bit her red lip, and mentally vowed vengeance when she heard that a young Englishman had dared to sneer at the courage of Fenianism, and the danger of Irish insurrection.

Two or three days passed away, and Laurence Spalding landed for the first time at Kingstown, where his friend Barrymore received him. They spent two or three other days very joyously in the pleasant city. Every where they heard talk of Fenianism, and expected risings of the most dreadful kind, having for their object, the overthrow of throne, church, altar, private property, and everything else that respectable persons hold sacred. Gerald Barrymore shook his head gravely; Laurence Spalding laughed loudly.

"Laurence, my dear fellow, I do wish I had been more fortunate in choosing my time to

bring you over here. Down in my neighborhood they say things are beginning to look very bad."

Laurence only laughed again, and wondered at the credulity of his friend. Laurence was one of that class of Englishmen who never believe in anything unusual until they see it; who ride out beyond bounds in Naples and Sicily, scoffing at stories of brigandism, and get taken by brigands; who ramble heedless outside the lines of camps; and bathe in shoal water where sharks are said to abound, and do other such deeds of blunt, bold, scepticism.

The two friends went by the railway as far as they could go. Then a carriage met them, and they prepared for a journey which Spalding was given to understand would last a couple of days. The carriage had a pair of strong, sinewy horses. The driver and the postilion were both armed with pistols. Gerald Barrymore deposited pistols in the carriage holsters.

"I wish we were safe at home, Masther Gerald," observed the driver.

"So do I, Tim. How are things looking just now?"

"Terrible bad, Masther Gerald!"

"Thru for you, boy!" growled the postilion in assent.

"The whole side of the country is up, I'm tould," said the driver.

"More power to 'em," growled the postilion.

"What nonsense," laughed Laurence, and he turned to Barrymore. "Do you really believe such talk as this?"

"My dear Spalding, you don't know anything of this country. I only hope you may

not be compelled to learn by disagreeable experience."

Laurence shrugged his shoulders. His friend was evidently not amenable to reason on this subject, which Laurence had settled beforehand by process of intuition — the best possible way of dealing with difficult political and national questions.

They drove on for some hours, Spalding and Barrymore smoking and pleasantly chatting, although Barrymore was continually casting anxious glances on either side of the road, and then examining his pistols. At last they came into a dark and gloomy defile, a narrow gorge almost as wild as an Alpine pass, and which seemed to stretch out for miles.

"If we were through this," said Barrymore, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, "I think we should be safe for this day."

"Are there highway robbers about?" asked Spalding.

"Highway robbers here? Oh no!"

"What else, then?"

"The Fenians!" said Gerald in a low and solemn voice.

Laurence threw himself back in the carriage, and quietly laughed.

Just at the moment a shot was heard, and the driver pulled up the horses.

"Begorra, they're on us, sure enough!" he exclaimed.

"We're taken, Spalding," said Gerald calmly.

Laurence craned his neck out and saw that a small body of men, armed with guns, were drawn across the road, and that two were at the horses' heads.

Before he could leap out of the carriage, a dozen men were at the side of it. One had a sword. They wore a sort of uniform, and each had a green sash.

"Surrender, gentlemen!" said the swordsman, politely.

"Surrender to what?" demanded Gerald.

"To the soldiers of the Irish Republic," was the reply. "Look at our flag." One of the men was indeed bearing a green flag.

Gerald's answer to the summons was the discharge of one of his pistols, which, however, was discharged in vain. Laurence fired the other, but it, too, failed of its object. Then both the young men leaped from the carriage, and gallantly attacked the troops of the Irish Republic. Laurence hit out with good scientific arm, and knocked two Republican warriors over; *ne Hercules contra duos* — what could two do against twenty? Our poor friends were very soon bound round the arms with stout cords, and rendered incapable of resistance.

The driver and postilion had from the beginning fraternized with the Fenians.

"You see, gentlemen," said the swordsman, "how useless was your resistance. If you had shot one of our men, I, probably, could not have saved your lives."

"I suppose this means robbery," said Laurence. "If so, you may as well rifle our pockets at once."

"As you are an Englishman, and of course ignorant of Ireland," said the leader calmly, "I will excuse your insolent remarks. But you had better not let any of the men around hear you speak of them as robbers."

"Then, if you are not robbers and cut-throats, what the devil are you?"

"Fenians!"

"Fenians be — blessed!" observed our British hero.

"You had better for your own sake, sir, be silent. Get into the carriage."

Laurence and Gerald were promptly lifted in. The leader and another man got in likewise. The word to march was given, and the carriage went on. Laurence could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He felt like a man in a dream — like the victim of a nightmare. He gazed at Gerald, who sat silent and sullen, bearing defeat ungraciously. As he turned round rather abruptly, his elbow struck against something hard. It was only a revolver, which one of his guards was kindly holding towards his prisoner's breast as a little measure of precaution.

"In the name of the devil," Gerald, said Laurence, speaking now in French, that his captors might not understand, "what is the meaning of all this? Is it a dream? Is it a practical joke, or a piece of mummery? Who are these *canaille*?"

"M. Barrymore has no difficulty in comprehending," said the man with the sword, in fluent French, and with an excellent accent. "*He* understands his country, although he refuses to fight in her cause, and has degenerated so far from the patriotism of his ancestors as to show himself the enemy of her flag. M. Barrymore was offered a command only the other day, and he refused. He will have to answer now for his desertion."

Laurence looked at Gerald. "They did offer me a command," said Barrymore, coolly. "Of course I declined. I am a loyal man. Now I am in their power. Let them kill me if they choose—they are quite capable of it."

Again Laurence mentally asked himself, "Am I dreaming? Am I mad? Is this the year 1867? Was I reading the *Times* this morning?"

He gave up the whole conundrum in despair.

A dreary hour or two passed away, and Laurence actually fell fast asleep. He only woke when some of his captors were lifting him out of the carriage. He now found himself standing on the edge of a grassy lawn or field in front of a large and partly ruined castle. There were cannon at the gates of the castle, and on the roof, and a green flag was flying. Near the castle was a whole mass of armed men. Laurence could see the gun-barrels glittering in the autumn sunset.

"Bring up the prisoners at onst," said a messenger who came down to meet the Fenian band and their captives.

"Is the Chief here?" asked the man with the sword.

"No; the Chief's across the river. He's to attack in the morning airly, I'm tould. But *she's* here—bedad the worse luck for some people, I'm thinking!" and he cast a glance at Laurence and Gerald.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the sword, "you are about to be brought before the Chief's daughter. In the absence of the Chief she commands. For your own sakes, I earnestly recommend prudence."



Gerald shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Laurence began to think the whole affair rather interesting. The two young men were led between armed ranks toward the crowd in front of the castle. As they came near, the crowd divided, and a lady on horse-back rode forward, then checked her horse, and, with a commanding gesture, indicated where the prisoners were to stand. She was a young woman, very handsome, with fair hair and a superb form, and she sat her horse like a queen. In all his bewilderment, Laurence could observe her deep-blue, lustrous eyes, her clustering fair hair, her graceful gestures, her full, noble bust. She wore a green riding-habit, and a cavalier-hat with a green feather. She had pistols in her belt, and a sword hung at her side.

"Am I assisting at a scene in the Opera Comique?" Laurence asked of himself. The ropes which bound the prisoners were removed, and the first use Laurence made of his freedom was to take off his hat and bow to the beautiful Amazon. She acknowledged his salute with grace and dignity.

"You are the Englishman?" she asked.

"I am an Englishman, certainly. May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"All that it concerns you to know, sir, is, that I am at present in command of this castle and these Fenian soldiers. My name your countrymen may know some day."

"Pray excuse me," said Laurence, "if I ask you one question. Do you really mean to tell me, madam, that these fellows are Fenians—that there is a Fenian army?"

"Your ignorance, sir—the blind, perverse ignorance of your countrymen—may perhaps be allowed to excuse your question, but I have no time to answer such folly. Look around you if you would learn. Now, we have something else to do, Gerald Barrymore!"

Her loud, clear tone rang like a trumpet-call. Barrymore stood forward silently, and bent his head.

"Gerald Barrymore, you have openly declared yourself a traitor to the cause of your country. You have refused to join us; you have done all you could to betray us to the enemy; to-day you actually dared to fire upon our flag. What have you to say why you should not die a traitor's death?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Laurence; "can this be serious?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Gerald, calmly, "except that I am no traitor to my country, but a true patriot. I care little to say even this to you. I know I can expect no mercy, and I don't ask any. Do your worst."

"Gerald Barrymore, I need not tell you that I would spare you if I could; that I have tried to win you to the true cause you know only too well. But the time has come when we can no longer hold any terms with traitors. This Englishman is only a foreign enemy—you are a renegade, a deserter, a traitor; and your doom is death!"

"Heavens, what a fury!" thought Laurence. Then he thrust his friend aside, and broke out into a regular oration addressed to the Amazon. It was a piece of impassioned declamation, blended with high forensic arguments. Never

had Laurence before known how eloquent he was, and how he had mastered all the principles of constitutional, international, and martial law. He was Erskine, Choate, Webster, and Jules Favre, all in one. Utterly forgetting his principles and his nationality in the cause of his friend and client, the devoted advocate actually besought the Judge-Amazon not to sully the noble flag she had raised, not to bring dishonor on the great cause she represented, by violating the fundamental principles of honorable warfare. He thought he saw a softening expression on her features—nay, she actually did for a moment cover her mouth with her handkerchief, to hide her emotions no doubt—but she controlled herself and said, with some severity in her tone :

“In your zeal for your friend, sir, you forget yourself. You forget that *we* have no cause, no Flag, no battle-field, no principles—nay, that there is no Fenianism, and that there are no Fenians !”

“The court is against me,” thought poor Laurence, sadly ; and abandoning the high ground of argument, he was about to move simply in arrest of judgment, when the Fenian Chieftainess cut him short :

“Spare your eloquence, sir. We have little time here for the making of speeches. Gerald Barrymore, you have until sunrise to-morrow to decide your fate. If then you join our ranks, and pledge your word of honor to serve us faithfully, you shall live. If not, you shall be shot at once as a traitor.”

“On my word, Gerald,” exclaimed Laurence, “I do think you had better join these peo-

ple. After all you are an Irishman, you know; and I suppose it is somehow or other your national cause."

"The Englishman," said the lady, with a sweet smile, "is an honorable enemy, and teaches a recreant Irishman his duty. Remove the prisoner! Mr. Spalding—that, I think, is your name?—you will do me the honor of dining with me. In my father's absence I am host and commandant."

"Much honored, I am sure," faltered Laurence; "but my poor friend Barrymore! How can I leave him?"

"My invitation, Mr. Spalding, is a command! We dine at seven."

She bowed, one of his captors touched him on the arm and led him away. He was conducted to a small room in the castle; he passed armed men everywhere; at seven o'clock an armed escort came for him, and led him into a large dining-hall well set out and lighted. He was placed at the right hand of the hostess, who looked unspeakably lovely in her complete evening toilette. A large number of retainers, a few of whom were the hostess's women attendants, dined at the table. Laurence drank liberally of Champagne, and grew into a condition of wonder and ecstasy such as he had not believed it possible this later age could bring to mortal. His hostess was fascinating, bewitching. Nothing could surpass her brilliancy and beauty—not even her condescending encouraging, almost tender friendliness. Laurence's susceptible soul was melting under her sunny influence. A harper played during the dinner some delicious plaintive Irish airs,

and sang Irish words to them. Laurence knew nothing of music, and did not understand a word, but he demanded an *encore* enthusiastically.

The lady talked with him frankly and fervently of Fenianism, its strength, and its hopes. She expressed utter amazement at the ignorance that prevailed on the subject in England.

"I declare to you," said Laurence, "if I were to go back to-morrow and tell the people of London what I have actually seen here—seen with my own eyes—they would not believe me!"

"Extraordinary and infatuated people!" said the lady. "You shall return, Mr. Spalding, and endeavor to enlighten England. You shall go. I will not detain you."

And he thought he heard a faint sigh; and her eyes rested for a moment on his. Alas! by this time the thought of returning was hateful to Laurence's soul.

"Not to-morrow—oh, not to-morrow!" he pleaded. "In fact, you know, in order to do any good in England, I ought to see a little more of the strength of your movement. I had better wait—much better.

"To-morrow," said the lady with another half sigh, "we hope for a decisive engagement. Should my father drive the enemy from the field, we push forward; should he fail, we defend this castle until each man and woman in it perishes amidst the ruins!"

Laurence started. This exquisite creature to die, and by the weapons of his countrymen! He began to think whether it would be utter-

ly disgraceful for an Englishman to adopt the cause of Ireland. After all, did not the Geraldines do this; and who could be finer fellows than the Geraldines? Why, confound it all! what was Silken Thomas, of whom he had heard his friend Barrymore speak in moments of exaltation? And, by-the-way, there was Barrymore, whose awful situation he had almost forgotten; of course, if he joined the Fenian ranks, Barrymore would do the same, and his life would be saved! The only disagreeable thing would be that perhaps Barrymore might become too agreeable to the Chieftainess! There certainly was a tender tone in her voice that day as she addressed poor Barrymore, even while she was pronouncing his death sentence.

"No, Mr. Spaulding," said the lady, gracefully rising from her seat, and looking at our hero with eyes of soft and melancholy expression. "You are a brave and generous enemy, and I cannot allow you to peril your life, for no purpose, in our dangers. Return to England—the life of your friend Barrymore shall be spared for your sake—return, and report us and our cause aright to the unsatisfied! You are free—you shall be safely escorted to the English camp. If we triumph, you and I may meet again; if we fail, remember me sometimes as a friend. Leave us, and farewell!"

"Never!" exclaimed Laurence passionately. "I will stay by you—fight for you! I renounce everything for you! I am a Fenian for your sake; I will die for you, but I will not leave you!"

She took, without speaking, a green ribbon

from her corset, and passed it through his button-hole. At the same time she made a signal to one of her attendants. Laurence pressed the ribbon to his heart, then clasped her hand, bent over it, and touched it with his lips.

A peal of laughter rent the air, and Laurence, looking up, amazed and angry, saw Gerald Barrymore and several men whom he had met in Dublin standing around, and holding their sides in mirth as they pointed to poor Spaulding and his green order of Fenianism.

"Three cheers," cried Barrymore, "for the Fenian volunteer!" and oh, how uproariously echoed the wild response to the invitation!

The Fenian Chieftainess had fled, leaving the echo of a silvery peal of merry laughter behind her!

Poor Laurence Spaulding! Cruel, cruel Grace Barrymore! Treacherous friend, Gerald Barrymore! The whole affair from beginning to end was a wicked practical joke to punish Laurence Spaulding for his saucy sneer at Irish insurrection and the reality of Fenianism. The armed Fenians were the Barrymore tenantry and servants; the man with the sword who spoke French was a Barrymore cousin, and the Fenian Amazon was, of course, the charming Grace herself!

Only fancy Laurence's feelings as he came down to breakfast next morning, and met the laughing eyes of his hostess. But he had taken heart of grace; he had risen to the height of the situation, and he appeared in the breakfast room with the green ribbon adorning his button-hole.

He spent a few delightful weeks with the

Barrymores, and was well repaid with hospitality, and friendliness for his droll humiliation. And the upshot of the whole affair is, that he has turned the tables, that he has made a captive of his fair captor, and that she is to be Mrs. Laurence Spaulding; and he vows that all his life through he will be proud of his wearing of the Green.

**THE END.**





# **ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL.**

**(19)**



# ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL.

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## HIS ENCOUNTER WITH BIDDY MORIARTY.

OF O'Connell's great powers as a scold, the following is a good illustration:—

One of the drollest scenes of vituperation that O'Connell ever figured in, took place in the early part of his life. Not long after he was called to the bar, his character and peculiar talents received rapid recognition from all who were even casually acquainted with him. His talent for vituperative language was perceived, and by some he was, even in those days, considered matchless as a scold.

There was, however, at that time in Dublin, a certain woman, Biddy Moriarty, who had a huxter's stall on one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts. She was a virago of the first order, very able with her fist, and still more formidable with her tongue. From one end of Dublin to the other she was notorious for her powers of abuse, and even in the provinces Mrs. Moriarty's language had passed into currency. The dictionary of Dublin slang had been considerably enlarged by her, and her voluble impudence had almost become proverbial. Some of O'Connell's friends, however, thought that he could beat her at the use of her own

weapons. Of this, however, he had some doubts himself, when he had listened once or twice to some minor specimens of her Billingsgate. It was mooted once, whether the young Kerry barrister could encounter her, and some one of the company (in O'Connell's presence) rather too freely ridiculed the idea of his being able to meet the famous Madam Moriarty. O'Connell never liked the idea of being put down, and he professed his readiness to encounter her, and even backed himself for the match. Bets were offered and taken—it was decided that the match should come off at once.

The party adjourned to the huxter's stall, and there was the owner herself, superintending the sale of her small wares—a few loungers and ragged idlers were hanging round her stall—for Biddy was “a character,” and, in her way, was one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and, with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice. He resolved to open the attack. At this time, O'Connell's own party, and the loungers about the place, formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack:—

“What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-Name?”

“Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you to say agen it? and one-and-sixpence's the price of the stick. Troth, it's chape as dirt—so it is.”

"One-and-sixpence for a walking-stick; whew! why, you are no better than an impostor, to ask eighteen pence for what cost you twopence."

"Twopence, your grandmother," replied Mrs. Biddy: "do you mane to say that it's chatting the people I am?—imposter, indeed!"

"Aye, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cried O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker nor you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*—anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I'd tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcass."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in; I protest, as I'm a gentleman——"

"Jintleman! jintleman! the likes of you a jintleman! Wisha, by gor, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin-sneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy, now—easy, now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humor, "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old, whiskey-drinking *parallelogram*."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs Moriarty, stung to fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram; and a Dublin judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so!"

"Oh, tare-an-ouns! oh, holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybellygrum to her face. I'm none of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-lickin' bliggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a *hypotheneuse* in your house."

"It's a lie for you, you b—y robber, I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why sure your neighbors all know very well that you keep not only a *hypotheneuse*, but that you have two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *heptagon*."

"Oh, hear that, ye saints in glory! Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman! May the devil fly away with you, you micher from Munster, and make celery-sauce of your rotten limbs, you mealy-mouthed tub of guts."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *submultiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Go, rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle pitcher; after all the bad words you speak, it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old *polygon*—to the deuse I pitch you, you blustering intersection of a st—ng *superficies*!"

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw, I'll——" But here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her, boys! there she stands—a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats. There's contamination in her *circumference*, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *corollaries*. Ah! you're found out, you *rectilineal antecedent*, and *equiangular* old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection of a vortex*!"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

"You have won the wager, O'Connell—here's your bet," cried the gentleman who proposed the contest.

O'Connell knew well the use of sound in the vituperation, and having to deal with an ignorant scold, determined to overcome her in volubility, by using all the *sesquipedalia verba* which occur in Euclid. With these, and a few significant epithets, and a scoffing, impudent demeanor, he had for once imposed silence on Biddy Moriarty.

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### DARBY MORAN.

IN O'Connell's celebrated speech in defence of the Rev. T. Maguire, he relates the follow-



ing story, in which the reader will not fail to perceive the little chance which perjury had in escaping his detection :—

“Allow me,” said he, addressing the Court, “to tell you a story, which is not the worse for being perfectly true. I was assessor to the Sheriff at an election in the County of Clare; a freeholder came to vote under the name of Darby Moran, and, as Darby Moran, both his signature and mark were attached to the certificate of Registry. He, of course, was objected to. It was insisted that if he was illiterate he could not have written his name—if literate, he should not have added his mark: in either view it was contended, with the vehemence suited to such occasions, that his registry was bad. It is, wherever I have authority to adjudicate, a rule with me to decide as few abstract propositions as I possibly can. I therefore resolved first to ascertain the fact whether Darby Moran could write or not. I accordingly gave him paper, and asked him could he write his name. He flippantly answered that he could, and in my presence instantly wrote down ‘John O’Brien’—he totally forgot that he was playing Darby Moran. Thus this trick was exposed and defeated.”

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### A DEAD MAN WITH LIFE IN HIM.

THE following illustrates the wonderful cleverness of O'Connell in cross-examining a witness :—

It was difficult for O'Connell, even at an advanced period of his professional career, to ex-

hibit those powers as an advocate, which were afterwards so finely devolved: for the silk gown that encased inferior merit gave a precedence to Protestant lawyers of even younger standing, and he rarely had an opportunity of addressing a jury. This probably induced him to cultivate with more ardor a talent for cross-examination, which was unquestionably unrivalled, and which was displayed by him at a very early period.

It exhibited itself very strongly in a trial on the Munster Circuit, in which the question was, the validity of a will, by which the property to some amount was devised, and which the plaintiffs alleged was forged. The subscribing witnesses swore that the deceased signed the will while *life was in him*.

The evidence was going strong in favor of the will—at last O'Connell undertook to cross-examine one of the witnesses. He shrewdly observed that he was particular in swearing several times that 'life was in the testator when the will was signed,' and that he saw his hand sign it.

"By virtue of your oath was he alive," said Mr. O'Connell.

"By virtue of my oath, *life was in him*;" and this the witness repeated several times.

"Now," continued O'Connell, with great solemnity, and assuming an air of inspiration—"I call on you, in presence of your Maker, before whom you must one day be judged for the evidence you give here to-day, I solemnly ask—and answer me at your peril—was it not a live fly that was in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed on the will?"

The witness fell instantaneously on his knees, and acknowledged it was so, and that the fly was placed in the mouth of deceased to enable the witnesses to swear *that life was in him*.

The intuitive quickness with which O'Connell conjectured the cause of the fellow's always swearing that "life was in him," obtained for him the admiration of every one in Court, and very materially assisted in securing his professional success.

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### A YOUNG JUDGE DONE.

O'CONNELL, being retained as counsel in a case in which the weight of evidence was against him, made the following clever move to extricate his client:—

In the course of his attendance at an Assize in Cork, he was counsel in a case in which his client was capitally charged, and was so little likely to escape, and was actually so guilty of the crime, that his attorney considered the case utterly desperate.

O'Connell entered the Court aware of the hopelessness of his client's chances. He knew it was useless to attempt a defence in the ordinary way. There was evidence sufficient to ensure a conviction. At that time it happened that the present Chief Justice, then Sergeant, Lefroy presided, in the absence of one of the judges, who had fallen ill. O'Connell understood the sort of man he had on the Bench. He opened the defence by putting to the first witness a number of the most illegal questions.

He, of course, knew they were illegal, and that objections would be raised.

Sergeant Goold was the crown prosecutor, and he started up, and expressed his objections. The learned Chief Justice declared his concurrence, and decided peremptorily that he could not allow Mr. O'Connell to proceed with his line of examination.

"Well, then, my lord," said O'Connell, after a little expostulation, "as you refuse permitting me to defend my client, I leave his fate in your hands;" and he flung his brief from him, adding, as he turned away, "the blood of that man, my lord, will be on your head, if he is condemned." O'Connell then left the Court. In half-an hour afterwards, as he was walking on the flagway outside, the attorney for the defence ran out to him, without his hat. "Well," said O'Connell, "he is found guilty." "No, sir," answered the solicitor, "he has been acquitted." O'Connell is said to have smiled meaningly on the occasion, as if he had anticipated the effect of the *ruse*; for it was a *ruse* he had recourse to, in order to save the unfortunate culprit's life. He knew that flinging the onus on a young and a raw judge could be the only chance for his client. The judge did take up the case O'Connell had ostensibly, in a pet, abandoned. The witnesses were successively cross-examined by the judge himself. He conceived a prejudice in favor of the accused. He, perhaps, had a natural timidity of incurring the responsibility thrown on him by O'Connell. He charged the jury in the prisoner's favor, and the consequence was, the unexpected acquittal of the prisoner. "*I knew,*"

said O'Connell afterwards, "the only chance was to throw the responsibility on the judge."

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### O'CONNELL AND A SNARLING ATTORNEY.

O'CONNELL could be seen to greatest advantage in an Irish court of justice. There he displayed every quality of the lawyer and the advocate. He showed perfect mastery of his profession, and he exhibited his own great and innate qualities. Who that ever beheld him on the Munster circuit, when he was in the height of his fame, but must have admired his prodigious versatility of formidable powers. His pathos was often admirable—his humor flowed without effort or art. What jokes he uttered!—what sarcasms! How well he worked his case, never throwing away a chance, never relaxing his untiring energies. How he disposed of a pugnacious attorney may be gathered from the following:—

For a round volley of abusive epithets, nobody could surpass him. One of his droll comic sentences was often worth a speech of an hour in putting down an opponent, or in gaining supporters to his side. At *Nisi Prius*, he turned his mingled talent for abuse and drollery to great effect. He covered a witness with ridicule, or made a cause so ludicrous, that the real grounds of complaint became invested with absurdity.

One of the best things he ever said, was in an

assize-town on the Munster circuit. The attorney of the side opposite to that on which O'Connell was retained, was a gentleman remarkable for his combative qualities; delighted in being in a fight, and was foremost in many of the political scenes of excitement in his native town. His person was indicative of his disposition. His face was bold, menacing, and scornful in its expression. He had stamped on him the defiance and resolution of a pugilist. Upon either temple there stood erect a lock of hair, which no brush could smooth down. These locks looked like horns, and added to the combative expression of his countenance. He was fiery in his nature, excessively spirited, and ejaculated, rather than spoke to an audience, his speeches consisting of a series of short, hissing, spluttering sentences, by no means devoid of talent of a certain kind. Add to all this, that the gentleman was an Irish Attorney, and an Orangeman, and the reader may easily suppose that he was "a character!"

Upon the occasion referred to, this gentleman gave repeated annoyance to O'Connell—by interrupting him in the progress of the cause—by speaking to the witnesses—and by interfering in a manner altogether improper, and unwarranted by legal custom. But it was no easy matter to make the combative attorney hold his peace—he, too, was an agitator in his own fashion. In vain did the counsel engaged with O'Connell in the cause sternly rebuke him; in vain did the judge admonish him to remain quiet; up he would jump, interrupting the proceedings, hissing out his angry remarks and

vociferations with vehemence. While O'Connell was in the act of pressing a most important question, he jumped up again, undismayed, solely for the purpose of interruption. O'Connell, losing all patience, suddenly turned round, and, scowling at the disturber, shouted in a voice of thunder—"Sit down, you audacious, snarling, pugnacious ram-cat." Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips, when roars of laughter rang through the court. The judge himself laughed outright at the happy and humorous description of the combative attorney, who, pale with passion, gasped in an inarticulate rate. The name of *ram-cat* stuck to him through all his life.

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### A POLITICAL HURRAH AT A FUNERAL.

ASCENDING the mountain road between Dublin and Glencullen, in company with an English friend, O'Connell was met by a funeral. The mourners soon recognized him, and immediately broke into a vociferous hurrah for their political favorite, much to the astonishment of the Sassenach, who, accustomed to the solemn and lugubrious decorum of English funerals, was not prepared for an outburst of Celtic enthusiasm upon such an occasion. A remark being made on the oddity of a political hurrah at a funeral, it was replied that the corpse would have doubtless cheered lustily too, if he could.

THE END



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